

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1855.

MAGGIE GLEN.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Margaret, or Maggie Glen, as she was always called, was a curious girl. She wasn't like any one else that ever I saw. She was only and altogether herself—a perfect original in all her thoughts, feelings and actions.

She wasn't handsome, yet every one liked to look at her. She wasn't gentle and faultless, yet all her young companions loved her.

She would say and do things very, very shocking to the doubly-refined nerves of her aunt Propriety Prim, and yet there were plenty who sincerely admired her.

Maggie was a downright, straight-forward sort of character, and if she had anything to say, she was very apt to say it, whether it suited the person to whom it was addressed or not.—She was sincere and conscientious, and she never professed friendship where she did not feel it. She was one who could freely and heartily forgive an injury as soon as she saw that it was repented of, and never, never was she known to fling up past mistreatment to one she had received again to her favor.

Maggie was warm-hearted to a marvel, but it wasn't every one who believed that. There were those who could as soon have looked for affection from a chestnut bur, or a thistle, as from unsentimental-appearing Maggie. There is nothing easier than to be mistaken. The heart of Maggie had a *deep well* of love hiding away within it—and those sweet waters swelled and overflowed freely for every *true* friend that ever looked into her eyes or clasped her little hands. People sometimes said Maggie loved very few of her fellow mortals. They were mistaken there also. She loved *all* good people—whose goodness did not consist of starch and selfishness—and she loved every little child. And the children all loved Maggie—let her go where she would, she was beset by the little ones—they were in her lap, and up between her back and the back of her chair.—They were pulling her hands and her dress to

make her talk to them, and they were always fixing and refixing her hair.

Maggie had queer notions about dependence, obligation, &c. She felt that when she up-braided a person for any good which the Lord had enabled her to do him, she had more than cancelled the debt; she had rendered the kindness a positive insult and injury. And what she felt for others she felt for herself.

With neither father nor mother to love or care for her, Maggie would gladly have bestowed on the kinsfolk with whom she resided the full share of grateful and tender love, (most tender, now, because so rent and torn by the death of her beloved parents,) which was yearning and quivering in her bosom, longing to find some one for whom to flow out; but she could not love those who did not love her. She was not good enough nor unselfish enough for that. Yet faithfully she strove to win the love of those among whom her lot was now cast, and in so doing she found contentment, if not happiness.

Maggie was fifteen years of age when she was written "orphan," and not yet had her spirit learned what it is to live.

She knew nothing about the affection men feel for dollars and cents. She had not the least idea how hard it is to acquire them—nor did she realize that she was "a poor relation." The idea had never entered her head.

The foolish girl supposed it a matter of course that one brother should expect to provide for the children of another, who was dead, or too poor to do so himself. She even imagined that a man must be very thankful to the Giver of all goods when he was able to do such things without lessening the portion of his own. More than *all this*, folly of thought was hers; she believed, sincerely, that to do good to her own kindred would be the joy and delight of her life, and she prayed daily that the time might come when she could be of service, at least to *some* of them. Well, well, "where

ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and while the ignorance of Maggie continued, she was very well content with her lot. She attended a good school, and, like the bookworm that she was, she devoured rather than studied her books. She was ambitious, and oh! so proud! The fear of missing, in a recitation, would start the cold sweat from every pore in her body; and when the lessons had been unusually long or hard, and her mastery of them in the least doubtful, she would fold her arms and clasp her hands tightly to her sides, to hold down the nervous terror which almost made her faint. Her pale face grew paler then, and her dark eyes would look so full of fear and anxiety, that her teachers would question her to know if she were not ill.

She was always a strangely nervous creature, and a dim, half-defined consciousness that the doom of insanity hung not far above her, haunted her like a night-mare, and often caused her to shut herself up alone, and try to practice *not thinking*.

Who that has never tried that experiment can imagine what hard work it is to try not to think? This strange, incomprehensible living creature within us is *not* under our absolute control.

The mysterious machinery *will* work in spite of us, and often most vigorously and swiftly when we would fain oblige it to lie still.

Maggie could *never* stop thinking. Sometimes her *breathing* troubled her. She felt like the discontented pendulum—she didn't want to breathe so much; so often. Then she would try not to notice or think about breathing, but every single breath would come so distinct and with such determined emphasis, that the monotony would become intolerable, and she would spring from her chair, or from her bed, even in the dead of night, and rush into the open air like one escaping from "a house-a-fire." Poor Maggie! she was a slenderly constructed piece of mechanism, and there was no eye of watchful love to note when its springs were getting disordered, or its strings out of tune. It was a wonder Maggie's health or reason did not utterly fail, for she was allowed no pleasures such as relax the body or the mind; it was nothing but study, study, or read, all day long. But Maggie survived it.

Her relatives were wealthy, but they didn't believe in the saying "All work makes Jack a dull boy," and so they never encouraged a love of play in the young. They considered themselves pattern people, and often, while meditating upon their generosity in paying all the bills of orphan Maggie, they were fairly overcome. Mr. and Mrs. Prim were a peculiar pair, quite as peculiar, in their way, as Maggie was in hers. They considered themselves almost entirely free from the alloy of selfishness and the other baser elements of our frail humanity, and they frequently expressed a wish that Maggie could arrive at such an extraordinary elevation in the moral world.

Magnanimous couple! Mrs. Propriety Prim had been shocked, in a general way, by the be-

havior of Maggie, ever since her advent in their family; but one day, when her niece had reached the age of seventeen, she was *particularly* shocked and scandalized by a letter which that unsuspecting young lady had left in her unlocked writing-desk. Mrs. Propriety Prim made it her constant habit to read the letters of every one, whenever and wherever she could get at them. She was an adept in the art of neatly unsealing and resealing such missives. Many a letter had she read that was never intended for her eye. She enjoyed such "private readings" with a keen zest, unless, as it sometimes happened, she found herself the subject of remarks not very agreeable to her self-love.

Another of the virtuous accomplishments of Mrs. Prim was the habit of eves-dropping. Not one woman in a hundred had so quick an ear, or could keep it so continually in use as she. Several times, in the course of her life, Mrs. Prim had been brought into rather awkward circumstances by her diligence in this particular direction.

Once, while listening at the key-hole of a parlor-door, her curls had, without her knowledge, become entangled in the lock or round the key. Suddenly a hand was laid upon the door-knob; Mrs. Prim tried to jump up, but it was not so easily done; her curls, which, to her sorrow, were not *then* false, held her down.—The door was swung open by a strong hand, and poor Mrs. Prim was jerked head foremost into the room. The case of Absalom was nothing to this case. But I wander. The letter which so disturbed the feelings of Mrs. Prim was a love letter addressed to Maggie, and written by a man who wore whiskers! The dreadful man! Mrs. Prim fairly shuddered as she read his name, and when, on reading the fine writing along the margin of the well-filled letter, she discovered a sentence which betrayed that the wicked whiskerando had actually kissed her niece, and intended to repeat the operation, she shrieked convulsively, and cast the letter into the fire.

"I'll see if he does," she gasped; "I'll see if that Renshaw kisses Maggie Glen again! The sly, immodest little sneak! I *always* knew she was as deceitful as a witch, but I really didn't think things had come to *this* pass with her. I'll settle her case in a hurry."

Mrs. Propriety Prim rejoiced in the possession of a nephew of her own blood. Maggie was only her relative by marriage. Mrs. Prim's "nephew" was a tall, slab-sided affair, with yellow hair, yellow teeth, red face, and turned-in toes. He stood still like a rickety turnpike gate in a gale of wind, and he walked with a motion resembling that which a cat makes with her forelegs when she has a bone in her throat. His eyes were the color of skim milk, and his eyelashes and his eyebrows were white; altogether, he was *not* a very prepossessing sort of young gentleman. "But however," as my old teacher used to say, as Mr. Jared Meekman always maintained a profound gravity in his aunt's presence, and as he had never, from his youth up, been guilty of mixing balmy snuff

with that which his aunt delighted to use, (which trick had been a favorite pastime with sundry less right-minded nephews,) she considered him a perfect paragon of a young man.

"Maggie shall accept Jared as her suitor," said Mrs. Prim; and to work she went to bring about this desirable event.

Jared was sent for, and informed of the intentions in his favor. That worthy young man was extremely pleased, and very willingly accepted an invitation to make his aunt a visit of an indefinite length.

Maggie was now watched as closely as was ever a discontented nun. She found it impossible either to see or communicate with Mr. Renshaw, and she was not long in understanding the reason.

Meekman she utterly abhorred. His sleek, slimy nature was the extreme opposite of hers—he repelled her almost sickently. When she found that she was becoming the subject of his particular attentions, she could hardly treat him with common civility; but she conquered herself, and was coldly polite.

To increase her distress, Renshaw suddenly wound up his business affairs and left town, without even leaving her a line, or bidding her farewell.

It was a cruel blow to orphan Maggie. The man had carefully and perseveringly sought for her love till it was given; and she loved him all the more fervently, because she had none else to love as her own. She loved him gratefully, for in her secret soul she had often thought that the love of a man was only for the beautiful, and that she should miss that gift because she was so plain.

The child! She thought men could not love her, nor desire her love, because she was not beautiful.

Maggie was beautiful to those who loved her. Her face was like a clearly printed book, whereon pure and kindly thoughts were stamped, for any eye that would, to read. When she spoke, that face was luminous; her smile was a sweet and pleasant smile; none could forget it who had once beheld it.

Maggie was not plain. Mr. Jared Meekman thought she was a beauty, but he would not tell her so for fear it would make her vain. He was a discreet young man.

"I am going to the concert to-night; will you go with me, Maggie?" he asked of that young lady, one Friday noon.

"No, sir; I am otherwise engaged," answered she.

She had been followed and teased by him till she was half frantic, but she kept down her violent emotions, and spoke always coolly.

"Margaret, I desire you to go with Jared this evening," said Mrs. Prim, as that young man made his disappearance through the street door.

"I cannot oblige you, aunt," answered Maggie.

"Do you know to whom you are speaking?" questioned Mrs. Prim, with astonishing dignity.

"Yes, madam, perfectly," was the quiet answer.

Mrs. Prim looked a wonderful look at Maggie, but its power was wasted, as the naughty girl would look at nothing but her book.

"You needn't think every man who speaks to you is in love with you," burst out Mrs. Prim. "I've no doubt, now, you think that of Jared—you are the greatest bunch of vanity that ever I saw, yet. What do you mean by your conduct, Miss Impudence?"

"I only mean to stay at home."

"Home! hey! I guess you'll find you've got to mind how you carry sail, if you wish to call this house your home much longer. This is what people get for taking in their beggar relations, and feeding, clothing, and schooling them. You've no sort of claim on us for all we've done for you; and you needn't think you can stay depending on us, unless you show some sort of gratitude for all that's been done for you. I've seen the disposition you indulge towards my nephew; you are a pretty one, to be turning up your nose at a rich young man, when you are depending on us for your daily bread, and for every cent you have. Don't let me see any more of your airs. Will you go with Jared to-night?"

"I will not go."

Maggie's face was white, with intense emotion. A heavy blow had been struck upon her proud heart. It was true—she saw it all now—she was a friendless orphan, dependent on the charity of relatives who loved her not. Oh! it was bitter.

"If I am a dependent upon your bounty, is it a reason why you should taunt me with it thus? May God grant me strength and courage to win from the world gold, to repay you for your gold spent for me; other debt I owe you not."

Maggie was gone to her own room. She was not at the tea table—she was not at the breakfast table; and when a servant went to call her, she found her chamber vacant, her bed untouched, and Maggie crossed the threshold of her uncle's house no more.

In the city of Philadelphia, there is a house four stories high. There are many others as high and as handsome, but not many of them ever had such a tenant, or such a queenly furnished room in them, as the one of which I speak.

When Maggie left her uncle's house, she took with her one trunk and \$15 dollars, and went at once to Philadelphia. There she looked about her for a pleasant lodging place, and Providence provided her a room seven feet square, in the fourth story of a very respectable mansion. "I can sew," thought Maggie, "and I know I can at least bind shoes enough to maintain myself. I will trust God; He will certainly provide for me."

Maggie hired a few articles of furniture, paid a month's rent in advance, bought a small stock of fuel and provisions, and set herself to work to keep house. It was a very pleasant feeling to Maggie to know that she was at last free.

"What if I have but very little; what if I have to work very hard; I have no one to fret

at me; no one to call me beggar here. Oh! I am so thankful I am safe in my own hired room." And the lonely girl thanked God fervently, and sat down to read a little in her mother's Bible.

That book had been her steady and oft-tried friend, and now she opened it at random, and read:—

"Trust in the Lord and do good, and thou shalt dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

Tears started into Maggie's eyes. "My Father in heaven speaks comfort and good cheer to my soul," said she, and again she read:—

"For the needy shall not always be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish forever."

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."

Had an angel from heaven appeared to Maggie, his generous words could hardly have cheered her bruised and wearied spirit more than the words she read. They seemed to her to be meant for her particular consolation and encouragement, and they consoled and encouraged her.

For weeks and months did the friendless girl work for the bare necessities of life, and the means to obtain even these sometimes failed her. She had never been taught to work rapidly, but she was an unusually neat sewer; so she soon obtained all the fine stitching she could do. A very rapid stitcher could have earned seventy-five cents a day, at that employment. Maggie never could get higher than fifty cents. Sometimes she failed to receive her pay when her work was done, and she then went supperless to bed. Poor Maggie! she was learning to endure cold and hunger, and almost every form of want; but she determined that she would bear them all, "to the death," rather than return whence she came.

The people in the house where she lived annoyed her a good deal by their incivility and inquisitiveness. She sometimes had several calls a day from them. One day a gentleman presented himself at the door. Not knowing what else to say, she said "Walk in;" and in he walked.

Maggie's only china-closet and cupboard was a long, narrow box, with shelves in it, and a curtain before it. Her china was not of the latest fashion.

It seemed that at least one of the sons of Eve, as well as many of her daughters, had the "organ of curiosity" pretty largely developed, for Mr. Whatnot asked a great many questions, handled every thing he could get hold of, and ended his exploration by looking behind the curtain, when Maggie turned from him for an instant. This operation he performed with the agility and quickness of a monkey, but Maggie saw him in her glass. At length she managed to rid herself of her troublesome caller, but many such vexations fell to her lot, for she did not relish the idea of making enemies of the people about her, and she was well assured they would become such at the first attempt on

her part to cut their acquaintance. So she lived on as peaceably as she could; but every week she grew more weary and dispirited than the last. She began to take great pleasure in reading the moanings of Job, and to sympathize sincerely in his desires for the rest and peace of the grave.

"Why must I live?" thought low-spirited Maggie; "I am of no use to any one; I can hardly take care of myself; if I were to grow ill, who would take care of me? I would be a burden to some one then. Oh, dear! I wish there was some one to love me, as other girls are loved. There is not one on earth who will miss me when I die."

These thoughts were not like Maggie; they were the suggestions of those uncanny "blue" individuals I do not like to name—and any one, I care not how light-hearted or strong-minded, would have been extremely apt to have felt just so, in her situation.

Poor, lonely, orphan Maggie! But the darkest hours are just before the day.

One afternoon, Maggie had been for half an hour or so struggling with a nervous weariness of her needle's monotonous motion, and finding that by persisting in sewing she was bringing on an attack of nervous headache, she gave her work a toss into her basket, and taking up a book of "Travels in Scotland," seated herself near her window, to refresh herself, by half an hour's reading.

Maggie could knit and read together; so she took her knitting at the same time she did her book. She read quickly for about twenty minutes. The book was interesting, and she had forgotten her nervousness. By and bye, another leaf needed turning; as she turned it, she glanced from the window. Her eyes fell upon a gentleman who stood on the corner, directly opposite; he was standing back against the building, looking up earnestly at her. Ah! Maggie, morning breaketh! Her book flew one way, her work another, and Maggie herself shot off in a third direction, viz., toward the street door. Strange as it may seem, it was also true that the gentleman on whom the eyes of Maggie rested, was the one never absent long from her waking or sleeping thoughts—it was Mr. Renshaw.

Walking slowly along the street, thinking of her, and regretting that he had left town so hastily, for any less reason than a dismissal from Maggie's own lips, he chanced to lift his eyes to a fourth story window, and there he saw her.

Chanced? Nay, it was a kind and ever-watchful Providence that directed both his steps and his glances. Amazed beyond measure to see her there, Renshaw almost doubted the evidence of his own senses.

"At least I will stand here and watch her until she looks this way," thought he.

A fixed gaze will generally cause the object of it to look toward the gazer. I know not why this is so, but I have often proved it, and Mr. Renshaw's gaze soon met that of the now happy, happy Maggie. In a minute more, he

was in her room; and in trying to speak her joy at once more seeing her dearest and warmest friend, Maggie burst into tears.

It was some time before Renshaw could calm her. She was like a child who, while its mother had been gone, had been abused and terrified by rough servants, yet dared not complain or weep, though its poor little heart and bosom was almost bursting. Just as that child, on her return, would rush with sobs and tears to its mother's arms, did Maggie throw herself on her long-lost lover's breast, and weep. Her over-drawn strength gave way at once, and she sobbed and cried till she really could not stand.

"How *have* I ever lived all this dreary while!" she said; and it would have been impossible *then* for her to look with the least composure or courage on a longer similar life. But the night of her sorrow was passed.

Mr. Renshaw explained to her that he left her native town without calling on her, in consequence of a note (which he supposed she had written, as it was in her hand-writing, and bore her name,) which desired him never to attempt to see or write to her again, as she had decided that it was her duty to accept as her lover her aunt's nephew, Mr. Jared Meekman.

"You might have *known* I never wrote it. It was all the work of my aunt and her nephew. Oh, I hope I shall never see them again as long as I live. I do not wish to *harm* them, in return for all the misery they have caused me; but I do desire to be separate from them, now and forever."

"We will say no more about them; they can trouble us no more, my Maggie. I cannot be too thankful that they did not quite kill you, so I will try not to hate them, though I must confess it is a hard matter to help doing so, when I think of all you have suffered, and when I see how weak and wasted you have become. But cheer up, now, my pet, my treasure; and when you are calmer, and feel able to go out, we will take a ride and call upon the good minister to whom I listen every Sabbath day."

"Dear Edward!" It was all Maggie could say just then.

Edward drew her to him again, and smoothed her hair, and talked on, with a pleasant, even voice, telling her of his business, his prospects, &c. "We will have a nice, new, city house of our own, *now*," said he, "and by and bye, when we grow richer, we will buy a place out in the country, on the banks of the Delaware, or on the sea-shore, just which you prefer, and you shall never think of these days except to laugh about your little 'old maid's hall,' and all your ingenious ways of living on small means. God has done *all* things well, Maggie, and no doubt you will yet see that there was some good reason for this lonely episode in your life. At least it will enable you to enjoy social pleasures with a keen zest, and your home and mine, Maggie, will not seem the dimmer to your eyes, or the less dear to your heart, for the dreary lesson you have lately learned. Dear Maggie, I will spend my life in striving to make your satisfaction and enjoy-

ment of your home as perfect as mortals may hope to know on earth. Do you not believe my words, my Maggie?"

Maggie believed every word; her faith in her lover was perfect; hers was the love that casteth out fear; nor was that love misplaced. The sun went down.

"I will now go and bring a carriage," said Mr. Renshaw; and while he was gone, Maggie dressed herself in a light silk, and arranged her hair neatly; and thanking God for all his mercies, she stood ready for her lover when he came.

They were married. It was a still, calm wedding; no merry greetings; no laughter; no mirth: but there was much happiness, and that was sufficient.

In a few days, our dear Maggie was guiding her own household affairs, as happy as happy could be. She thought it right and best to write to her aunt, and inform her of her marriage, &c. Her husband also wrote in the letter, sending a check for the amount of Maggie's board for two years and four months, and a request for the bill of all her other expenses while in the Prim family. What effect their communication produced in Mrs. Prim's household, never transpired, for no answer to the letter ever reached Mr. and Mrs. Renshaw, and such of Maggie's former friends as afterwards visited her pleasant Philadelphia home, told her that her name was never mentioned by any of the Prim household.

In due season the country-seat was purchased, and now our friends are passing away the years in sight and sound of the never-resting sea.

The days of *their* mourning are ended. May they go hand in hand all their onward way, and may it please "Our Father" that they may lie down *together* for their last slumber.

PAST EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS E. J. KAMES.

And who art thou, whose fix'd and frozen face
Seems chisel'd by some instrument of pain?
All ills which "flesh is heir to" we can trace
Upon those features dimm'd by many a stain!
Ah, well! methinks no other mentor wears
A robe so black—no other master bears
A rod so heavy—none with hand so stern
Foreth the novice to his daily task,
And deals the lesson that he gives to learn
With an authority unquestion'd, sure—
A blind obedience ever dost thou ask,
Showing no merriment 'neath thy stony mask!
Yet thou alone canst teach us to endure
The ills we cause—but only thou canst cure!

ROOMS is said to have once asked Talleyrand if Napoleon shaved himself. "Yes," said the latter, "one who is born to be a king has some one to shave him, but they who acquire kingdoms shave themselves." He might have added, "And the people, too, pretty closely!"

WESTWARD, HO!

BY E. KENNEDY.

The phrase, or expression, is found in Shakespeare; it occurs in the play of "The Tempest;" and so we adopt it as our classic English motto, to say our say about Western travel, and some matters relating thereto.

The illustrious poet, writing in the year 1611 or 12, had small conceptions, we opine, of the width, and breadth, and coming greatness, of that same land of the Occident to which, with some vagueness, he applies the expression here quoted. Westward, ho! had small signification in any man's ears in that early day, when Capt. John Smith first came over to the King's colony of Virginia, and as yet no Pilgrim Father had set foot upon any Plymouth Rock, there to lay a foundation of American republicanism.—Neither do we presume that with all the semi-inspiration of that wonderful prodigy of genius, Shakespeare, his vision of the future was in any sense a prescient one, or such as should have guided the pen of a David, or an Isaiah.

But let us come down a little. Ourselves, in our boyhood days, recollect well certain premonitory glimpses and inklings of a Westward, ho! that was to come, and in course of time has come. Our recollection of things personal dates back to a period of some five and thirty years distant. We "own the soft impeachment" of a memory's waste, that marks figures of A. D. 1820—a day and date when our boyhood began to take in images to the mind, such as should rest and abide there lastingly. Pennsylvanians were we; and our natal air was within a day's reach, and less of Penn's fair city. We remember well certain of "our county," adventurous men, who had, with the boldness of a Sir Francis Drake, or a Robinson Crusoe, penetrated into the wilds called the "backwoods," and there had survived the perils of the wilderness, and had come back again to tell the story of all they had encountered, and of all they had so marvellously seen. Our worthy neighbors had been on horseback all the way to "the Ohio"—meaning, thereby, the present State of that name, then in its utter infancy, but now ranking as *fourth* in this Union, in point of population, and in physical and political importance.

In the year A. D. 1820, it was customary to speak of it as the "backwoods;" and the man who had been out in those parts, and had come back again, was something of a curiosity; he was worth looking at; and it was worthy of repetition from mouth to mouth, that men had heard him converse.

Afterwards, ourselves lived to grow up to the estate of dawning manhood—of the which we make record with a note of becoming thankfulness; and ourselves did, in the year A. D. 1836, of this present era—having put money in our purse; money honestly obtained from the Bank of the United States, of wondrous memory, Nicholas Biddle being then President of the same—put foot upon the car of the railroad,

with our face and mental determination set steadily Westward, ho!

Mark, if you please, the year—it being A. D. 1836—and a railroad to travel upon! This was the date of the beginning of railroad enterprise and invention in these United States. O, yes! and in all the world beside.

A mighty and quite considerable piece of work that was—the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad—that should carry passengers in cars drawn by a locomotive, full eighty miles out of Philadelphia, after having, by means of a stationary engine, climbed the hill of an inclined plane, somewhere just over the Schuylkill river.

We accomplished that eighty miles safely, and without accident or mishap, all in the course of the day, arriving, towards evening, at the town of Columbia, where we were in good plight as to patience and resignation, to take the canal boat; and so, as fast as three miles an hour could gallop us, to push on through Harrisburg, and up the slack water of the Juniatta, even as far as Hollidaysburg. Our breakfasts, and our dinners, and our suppers, we ate at our leisure aboard; and when night came, we were housed away upon a rickety shelf to sleep, with our great toe resting against our neighbor's night cap, and with some snory individual, weighing two hundred pounds, or so, swinging overhead, and our own protection from death by suffocation at the mercy of a cord not bigger than a man's finger. Never, until we essayed to travel by railroad and canal from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, did we previously or before entertain a full notion of what is meant to be put into close quarters. Men, women, children, trunks, all crammed and crowded into the closest and most uncomfortable juxtaposition; and then, betimes, the weather it would rain, where, in the narrow cabin, the only place that offered a roof to cover us, we sat like lumps of butter clapped together; or, if it did not rain, and we should essay a post upon deck, amongst trunks and tarpaulins, the shrill voice of the helmsman would warn us every ten minutes, or so, of a bridge—"low bridge"—and down we were, per force, to drop ourselves flat upon the deck, lower, if possible, than hands and knees could flatten us, or else accept of the alternative to have our bones broken, or the top of our skull carried away by the rude encounter.

Dismal stories were circulated of brains dashed out, and of bodies of men and women made headless, because of want of care in passing under bridges, and so forth. Or, perhaps, there was a break in the canal, ahead of you, and then you might be suspended in a lock for a day or two; but if no accident or misadventure should supervene, then in due season you reached Hollidaysburg, where, if you choose, you could go to a tavern decently, and take up your quarters, and stay all night, waiting for

the *Portage train* at eight or nine o'clock next morning, or perhaps earlier, to carry you, by means of a long rope, up some four or five inclined planes, to the top of the Alleghany mountain; letting you down on the western side by a set of stationary engines, at similar distances. However, it was accomplished in a few hours, and if no rope should chance to break, or tackling come loose, you reached Johnstown very seasonably in the afternoon, there to embark, with manifold patience, yourselves and your trunks, upon the tender mercies of that "*raging canal*" once more. Thence by easy stages, slowly and sleepily, as the canal boat should glide along, to pursue the valley of the Kiskiminitis, till the smoke of Pittsburgh began to appear; and this could be discerned from afar, spreading as a mantle of coal vapor or atmospheric tar over the entire valley, and the emblickened edifices of that once ancient Fort Du Quesne—afterwards Fort Pitt, and now Pittsburgh—our Pennsylvania emporium upon the West.

This was in the year A. D. 1836.

Upon the last week of this present month, March—year A. D. 1855—we were *put through* upon the same route, that is to say, from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. The distance of three or four hundred miles from the one point to the other, was to be gotten over as of yore, only that in 1855 we found ourselves joyfully minus the canal boat, and minus the Allegheny Portage. Twenty years ago it took us the "best end of a week" to travel from one city to the other—from the city of Penn to the city of Pitt. But this present trip we got over ground much more briskly than ere while before. The iron horse and the iron rail did the business in much better dispatch; nor had we need incontinently to *put up and stay all night* upon the road; for leaving Philadelphia somewhat after ordinary bed-time, we slumbered the night through, and found the car, as the day dawned, driving through those fair picturesque regions of the Juniatta, whither, in times before, we had only reached after a wearisome travel. And in season for a late breakfast, the dividing ridge was gained, which separates the waters that flow into the Atlantic, from the waters that cast their current forward into the stream of the muddied Mississippi. This was Altoona; and we reached there to snatch a hasty and a hungry breakfast. Half way, or more, to Pittsburgh already!

At this busy town upon the mountain side, we hitched on a pair of locomotives for the encounter of the next hour—the same being uphill, and very sensibly so, even to the eye. But with a snort—and a whistle, our gallant pair—the "*Kishakokillas*" and the "*Antelope*,"—set forward. For our own part, we had been wondering how these tall mountain-tops, rising successively in our forest, could be encountered and overcome, knowing that locomotives and passenger trains act generally and according to a manner of their own—the same being upon a dead level, or that which is nearly such. We struck forward, however, into the mountain

wilderness, and followed the track of the rail whithersoever it led. Awhile we coursed the mountain-side, gaining gradually upon the ascent. Our pair of engines made child's play of the tug. We sped onwards. In front of us the crest of a higher ridge arose; and to our left there ran an immense ravine, looking deep and dangerous; its extent would be measured by miles. Our wonderings were widely awake as to the *quo modo*, and what should come next,—when suddenly a very short curve at the head of the ravine brought us gaily and triumphantly round, and we found that we had fairly doubled upon our track. We gave the go-by to the tall mountain crest, and with the widening ravine before us, we went on, still gaining upon the ascent. But presently we came to another rocky barrier, which we could neither double nor go round, and certainly could not go over, and we were fain to drive boldly and darkly into its bosom, and go through it. And darkness it was; a very blackness of darkness, as we tunnelled through, and so got the better of that mountain obstacle.—We held watch in hand, and held almost our breath in that midnight suspension, for a space of three minutes—it seemed an hour—and then we emerged out of the cavern, and gazed upon the far-stretching land that was Westward, ho! The scene and the slope was all changed; we were over the Alleghany mountain, and we began the descent, dropping off the borrowed services of one of our locomotives, and making headway by the help of gravitation. We now sped onwards at a round rate. The very waters, as they flowed and fell from those mountain gorges, told of the change that had come to pass, and these, like as we ourselves, together with the train and all the passengers, were westwardly bound, and their rippling voice might have been heard speaking Westward, ho!

By dinner time, our driver might have called out woa! It was at a comfortable dinner hour, and not a late one, that our train held up, and came to a full stop; and in looking about us, we saw symptoms of a smoky region of human habitations. We had no premonitory views—views afar off, of the column and mantle of smoke which enveloped the valley of "Fort Pitt," but we snuffed the tainted air, and began to breathe the bituminous atmosphere at one and the same moment that we desecrated Pittsburgh.

Quick work that! Supped in Philadelphia, spent the evening with our friends there, and found ourselves upon the sidewalks of Pittsburgh as the gongs—plaguy things they are!—were just banging at the hotels, to call to dinner. How our grandmothers would have raised the eye-brow and the spectacles, and the note of astonishment "even to have dreamt of such a thing!"

But tarried we briefly here; our destination was westward—still westward, and thither were we bound. Before us lay spread open the map. The Alleghany and Monongahela rivers form here their junction, and the serpentine stream

of the Ohio begins here. 'Twas upon the bosom of this last, now swollen with the early Spring freshet, that our further journeyings should date their departure. One thousand miles, or more, to pursue its tortuosities, should we be thitherward upon our winding way. And then, at the Ohio's mouth, we should meet the far-coming and the far-flowing Mississippi; and upon the turbid bed of that Father of all Waters should we follow onwards a thousand or fifteen hundred miles further, to the point of our destination, namely, New Orleans.

"What's the fare to Louisville on board your boat?"

"Seven dollars."

"And from there to New Orleans, what's the fare?"

"Almost any price, sir; from fifteen to thirty dollars."

The reader must remember that "boarding and lodging" is always included upon these western steamboats.

"How long upon the way from Pittsburg to Louisville?"

"Two days and a half, at this stage of water."

"And from Louisville to New Orleans, how long?"

"About a week, be the same more or less."

Our eyes gazed still curiously upon this map, opened before us, and of that now dawning empire of the West, to which these head waters of the Ohio served us as the starting point. What a change within the memory of man—yea, within our own personal recollection! It was in the year 1796, as the history records it, that John Jay, our minister to Great Britain, was in the act of negotiating a treaty which would have yielded up the right of navigation of the Mississippi river for a term of thirty years, to our ancient mother abroad; and the American Senate had agreed to it. Oh, Robert Fulton! Robert Fulton! what a revolution of things has come about through the mighty appliance that thou wert instrumental to introduce among men!

Up to the year 1820, small and inefficient were the steamers on any of these western rivers. The year 1817 is set down as the period when these began to be. 'Twas then this map of the west was as yet unsprinkled with towns and villages and country seats; its territory was unsurveyed, unsold, and unoccupied. The geographies and maps that ourselves, in the days of boyhood, conned over, were very different affairs from such as are put into the hands of lads and lasses of this present generation. To us of eastern Pennsylvania, who had been reared around the family hearthstone, and had never yet been taught to stray from the curl of the smoke of the paternal chimney; to us, who were of the race of boys thirty years ago, the barrier of the Alleghany, as set down upon the maps, and as firmly fixed and engraved upon our youthful imagination, was a barrier indeed. Beyond there was somewhat of a *terra incognita*. 'Tis true Ohio had been admitted into the Union, and so Kentucky; even Indiana and Illinois had recently obtained a

name and local habitation in those motherly embraces; but it was almost nominally that it was so. In all that "Western country," the settlements were few and far between. At the day and date here spoken of—say A. D. 1820—the present city of Cincinnati was a clever village, and scarcely more; and as for the now prosperous and thriving towns of all that region bordering upon the rivers and bordering upon the lakes, these had not any existence even in the dreamy brain of any dreamer. The map that we handled, exhibited a broad blank, save only as traced out by rivers and boundary lines, and the distinctive, though undistinguishing appellation given to the whole was that of Northwestern Territory.

As yet, no tall smoke-pipes of an hundred steamboats were there to line the wharves of any western city or town; no clattering engines, or any bursting boilers, were as yet to frighten good old ladies, or any body. 'Twas only in the year 1817 that the application of steam to the propelling of boats was first made on this river Ohio; and it was long after the era here designated—i. e. 1820—that the race of keel boatmen held sway as common carriers of merchandise upon those now busy streams. To us of 1855, it is merely and only absurd to talk of navigating the tortuosity of one thousand miles of Ohio river by a cumbersome keel boat of twenty-five tons burden. It is simply preposterous to our ears to name the name of such a thing. And yet, so recently as thirty years ago, and in the infancy of things "out west," there was a race of men who gained a livelihood by pulling and "poling" the unwieldy keel boats up stream, from New Orleans to Pittsburg, two thousand miles and more, and who thought the bread to be taken from their mouths, when Fulton's invention of hot water and the driven wheel first began to come in vogue.

What a race of raw hides they were, those old "keelers" of by-gone fame! They esteemed it a work peculiarly theirs, to transport sugar, and hardware, and muslin, iron and salt from the far-distant New Orleans, up the winding waters of that most serpentine Mississippi, and the wearisome wilderness shores of the thousand-miled Ohio. 'Twas their vocation, and they labored in it with infinite toil. Three months from New Orleans to Pittsburg was sufficiently expeditions, pulling up their craft by hand, from tree to tree, seizing upon the suspended branches, when the river was high; or else applying the long setting pole to their tough shoulders, when the stage of water was low.

It does sound strangely curious to say so, now that the commerce of the west has grown to be so heavy, and now that cities of their one hundred thousand population girt the banks and borders of these streams—it does sound strangely incredible to our ears, that only thirty years ago—quite within the memory of man—a few hardy fellows, as keel boatmen, were all-sufficient for the commercial purposes of Pittsburg, and Cincinnati, and Louisville, and St. Louis, and the towns, if any such there were, intermediate and beyond!

But we cannot mistake figures and facts in our historical summing up; and besides, these are the abundant reminiscences of men yet living, who bore an active part in the scenes and things here narrated. In fact, except the land and water, together with the hills and the forests, and the over-spreading sky, the western country was *not* in the day and date here spoken. The Indian roamed here abroad; he hunted in these grounds; and was even yet held to be an ugly customer. The scalping-knife had not grown rusty either, or dull; and we read in those early records of Michigan, that the town of Detroit was famous as the head quarters for a species of merchandise whereof it chills one's blood to contemplate. There was a man whose name was Girty, employed to make purchases from those red men, who carried scalping knives and tomahawks in their belts. Nice fresh scalps, whether long-haired scalps of women, or short-haired scalps of men, or the more tender and silk-like scalps of babes and sucklings. This Girty, at the town of Detroit, was the man to buy; only so that the scalp bore unmistakably the characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race—fair-haired and fair-skinned. 'Tis said that Kentucky derives its name from the phrase of *dark and bloody land*, which, in the Indian dialect, the word betokens; and if all accounts be true, the word is no misnomer, for the red man roamed with almost undisputed cruelty—sacking, and burning, and scalping, and laying waste, in all those earlier times of that Commonwealth's sad history.

The maps that were made in *my time*, as Sir Jonah Harrington would say, were indicative, as to all that North Western Territory, rather of which tribe of red men inhabited the regions here and the regions there, than as setting forth, as they now do, the densely peopled State where schools and school houses have come to abound. And when we came to the Mississippi river, and cast the eye upon the space beyond—on the map, mind you!—it was, as we well and faithfully remember, colored green, and in one broad sweep, from the Gulf of Mexico well nigh to the Lake of the Woods, was denominated by the name of

LOUISIANA.

How immensely mortified the Missourians and the Minnesotians, and those of Iowa would be, to open an Adams' Geography of the olden time, and to see all the fair land of promise, now divided off by the broad seals of several broad States, and dotted throughout with cities, and towns, and thriving villages, set down simply and ignobly upon the score of an undiscovered country, and called *Louisiana*!

Among the tastes and conventionalities of life, the tendency to crush the Beautiful is strikingly exemplified in a ruling propensity for the gaudiness and incongruities of household architecture and ornaments, and an indifference towards the forms of Nature herself, where the Beautiful has to be elicited by idealistic culture.

HAUNTED.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

In lonely mood I wander forth,
With falt'ring step and languid eye;
There is no beauty on the earth—
There is no glory in the sky.

All day a cypress shadow seems
To wrap my spirit like a cloud;
Between me and the sunlight gleams
A golden head—a snowy shroud!

Beneath a gravestone's marble thrall,
To Death my hopes and joys are given;
With her whose angel shape is all
My eyes behold of light and heaven.

When Spring her bright regalia wears,
I court her smiles and kisses warm,
Yet still her varying beauty bears
The likeness of that buried form.

Where primrose buds their star-born gleam
Upon the wings of twilight shed,
To me their wavy clusters seem
The tresses of that golden head.

The white bloom on the orchard trees
Rests like an angel-pillowing cloud;
And snow-drops and anemones
Are pallid as that phantom shroud.

I wander through the Autumn woods,
When midnight lamps are in the sky;
The winds, amid their solitudes,
Sound hollow as a spirit's cry.

The leaf-gems from the glittering crown,
That Spring-time to the forest brings,
Like wounded birds come fluttering down,
With blood-spots on their yellow wings.

The moonlight drops in arrowy bars,
Between the ice-blue birchen stems;
The brightness of November stars
Is mirrored in a thousand gems.

Yet sun, and moon, and starlight pale,
Spring flow'rs, and Autumn's mellow vine,
To wake one thrill of gladness fail,
Within this haunted heart of mine.

For nought of glory in the sky,
And nought of beauty on the earth,
But wears her semblance to my eye,
Who sits no more beside my hearth.

The shadows o'er that marble stone
Still fold my spirit like a cloud;
Still float between me and the sun,
That golden head and snowy shroud.

A QUEER WRITER says he has so high a regard for the religious notions of others, that if he should ever see a lot of ants worshipping a toad-stool, he would certainly lift his hat and pass on, without casting a stone or reflection at them.

FOOTPRINTS OF THE REVOLUTION ON LONG ISLAND.

BY E. L. M.

In these times of political troubles, when a selfish and sectional feeling, fostered principally by ambitious politicians, seems to be prevailing over different portions of the Union, it is refreshing to look back upon our history to the time of the Revolution;—there we see in living characters the brightness of that united feeling which it should be our constant care to cherish. Should we allow many causes to come between us and our affection for the descendants of such patriots as Washington, and Patrick Henry? Do we not read with equal pride of the gallantry of the northern and southern soldiers, who composed the frozen and bleeding army of the Delaware, or the fortitude of Marion and his men in the gloomy swamps of the South? Was it not one united throb of the great spirit of the nation that declared it free and independent, and should not a united feeling bless it in this its hour of prosperity? Dotted over the broad surface of the land, extending along the sea-coast, from the forests of Maine to those of Georgia, are spots which mark the battle-grounds of the Revolution, where northern and southern brothers fell side by side. Every village burial-place holds within its sacred precincts the grave of some humble patriot who offered up his life and possessions for that precious gift of Liberty, each state may show its fields of battle fought within its borders, and can tell of its sufferings during that gloomy period, and not among the least is New York. Sometime before she was assailed from the north by Burgoyne and his Indian allies, her southern seaboard was invaded by a powerful army, and Long Island was doomed to witness one of the most disastrous defeats which the Americans suffered during the war; a defeat that delivered up to the invader New York and its harbor, in whose hands this important point remained until peace was declared. Yet it was a battle that proved the united feeling of the army, which had been collected from all parts; on this account and the masterly retreat of Washington, it is one of the most interesting reminiscences of the epoch.

It is a bright summer morning as we stand upon the sea-shore at Bath or New Utrecht; the outer bay of New York is before us, and beyond in the dim distance rise the blue hills of New Jersey; Sandy Hook and its light house may be seen far off to the left, with the broad ocean beyond. Favored by the morning breeze, a peaceful merchant-ship is sailing slowly by, preceded by a pilot-boat whose white sails are just disappearing behind the Narrows; the morning gun from Fort Hamilton booms faintly upon the ear, awakening us to the sense of how different this scene must have appeared seventy-nine years ago! Now, all is peaceful—then, all busy with the turmoil of war—the bay filled with a naval fleet, convoys with their human freight of soldiers and the materials of warfare. Here on

this beach where we hear no sound except the rippling of the waves, some six weeks after the declaration of independence landed the combined army of Hessians and English, unopposed by the Americans who were mostly quartered in New York, with the exception of a division under General Putnam then occupying Brooklyn, and another under General Sullivan upon the neighboring hills around Bedford, but whose nearest outposts were five or six miles distant from the landing.

Passing up from the sea-side a short distance, we come to the little village of Bath; a few paces to the right of the road, stands the old church which the enemy used first as a stable, and afterwards as a prison and hospital; it was here that the English commander Howe, drew up his troops after their disembarkation and held a council-of-war which resulted in a successful attack upon the American lines—from here their right wing under Clinton, marched to the village of Flatland, where, during the night of the 28th of August, its commander formed his column which was to turn the left of the American position. On our left is the road, now leading to Fort Hamilton, along which a body of the enemy under General Grant advanced to the road leading along the banks of the bay to the defile a little above the head of Gowanus Cove. Leaving the church and following the road directly before us, we find ourselves in the direction which the centre body consisting of Hessians took in their march of attack; the country is a perfectly level plain, thickly dotted here and there with prosperous farm houses and waving fields of green-corn; the bay or harbor is hid from our view by a high ridge of woodland, which, sweeping around from the head of Gowanus, crosses the island directly before us. Upon these heights, and commanding the defiles leading over them, the first lines of the American defenses were placed, an admirably selected position which could not have been forced without great difficulty, and would not have been easily turned had it not been for the carelessness of the patrolling party towards the east at Jamaica. As we approach, the morning sun breaks upon the hills, clothing in a rich light the green woods and fields—it shone upon a different scene at early day-break on the 27th of August, 1776. We hear nothing but the tinkling of the cowbells, and the pleasant voices of the farmers, as they greet you on passing their happy homes—then, the loud roar of the cannon, and the hoarse word of command, awoke many a poor boy to his first and last battle; many a brave and honest heart beat faster at the sight of the long array of German troops marshaling for the combat, rapidly the word was passed along their lines that the enemy were attacking them at the defiles, and the forces were concentrated at the menaced points; but the real danger was not

here. The range of hills, we notice, falls into the level plain some five miles further inland towards the east, near Jamaica, and there forms a broad road leading behind them. This part of the country had been entrusted by the American commander to a strong force of scouts under Colonel Miles, with strict orders to patrol the country, and give information of any movements of the enemy if they appeared in that direction; it was an order which could have been easily obeyed, as the country being level presents a view over which the eye can range for miles around, excepting where interrupted by woods, which however, allow good cover for a scout, and from whence he could perceive the movements of even a small party of troops; the order was neglected, a fatal error, to which may be charged the subsequent disaster. The enemy's right wing advanced by a circuitous route through Flatlands and New Lots, which we can see far off to our right; a rapid night march found his troops at early morn at this point leading behind the hills. The noise from the attack of the Hessian cannon, on the centre, had drawn most of the forces in that direction, and only a small picket of four hundred men opposed them; this force, after a stubborn resistance, was obliged to surrender; thus the American defenses were turned, and the enemy occupied the village of Bedford in the rear of the troops, who were bravely defending the hills from the attack of the English centre and left body. The road where we now stand is where the Hessians made their assaults which met with vigorous and successful resistance. Following a little country cross-road leading to the bay-side, we pass, on the right, an old Dutch farm house, built of rude stone, and high peaked roof; on one side we see the old fashioned chimney projecting out, giving room for the imagination to play on the fancied scenes of the Christmas carols and sparkings which have taken place in the wide hearth around the blazing wood fire; two extensive barns, aided by coats of bright red paint, have defied the storms of the past, and frown down upon audacious out houses whose smaller and more compact form and freshness of look shows that the mania of improvement has not spared the old homestead. Somewhere in this part of the country at a later period, the volunteer patriot spy *Hale* was captured while disguised, driving a load of hay into the English camp—he was condemned to be hung. Idolized by the soldiers of the American army, and beloved by all who knew him, this gentle student soldier died an ignominious death, exclaiming with his last breath, "Would that I had ten lives to sacrifice for my country!"

From the road we toil up the ridge which is covered with thick undershrub, and at last are rewarded by the scenery we view on reaching the summit—the bay and all its beauties lie before us. On the opposite shore of Staten Island, crowning the woodlands, are handsome villa and country seats, with orchards and groves; a little lower down we see the white houses of Tompkinsonville and the Quarantine; at about a mile from the land rises the lighthouse, a plain

straight shaft, a monument of security; the sluggish air of mid-day in summer, scarcely touches the sails of the ships as they lie motionless upon the water, a noble ocean steamer passes swiftly by, and then in a few moments we hear its loud salute echo among the rocks and hills upon which we stand. Below us is the road upon which the left of the English, had, during the battle, advanced along the shore, to force the defile at Gowanus Cove, at which point were stationed with the militia, the Southern troops. The English, supported by the fire of their fleet, advanced bravely again and again to the attack, but were driven back with cool determination, until at last word was brought to the Americans that their retreat was cut off, and their Generals, Sullivan and Stirling, taken prisoners; command was then given to abandon the heights, a flight among the raw militia ensued—numbers surrendered—others attempted to cross the cove and creek of Gowanus, but were drowned—others threw themselves into the woods now known as Greenwood Cemetery.

How strangely appropriate the bell sounds as it slowly tolls for a funeral, as we enter Greenwood precincts in our historical search. What sad memories come back to us as we see that group around the grave of some departed friend! How forcibly the words of Longfellow crowd upon us—

"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"

Was not spoken of the Soul."

Slayer and slain—patriot and hired soldier—are resting in the sods beneath us; a new generation has sprung up and is passing away, since these woods echoed with the din of battle, or cries and shouts of pursuer and pursued—here patriots fought and fell in the endeavor to arrest the invader; that their flying companions might escape, many a true lover of liberty died with the bitterness of defeat in his heart, yet strong in the faith—many an anxious spirit here fled, hoping against hope for his country's freedom, to find rest above—here many a poor wife and mother looked for the body of some loved one, and when found wept, yet thanked God that he had died in defence of the land. Peace, brave hearts! rest on in the happy knowledge of your success, and look down upon us, and strengthen us to bear the trials which God has in his mercy given us; let the remembrance of you fortify us to conquer in a right cause—to overcome evil and oppose all tyranny even as the martyrs of the Revolution.

Again faintly we hear the tolling bell giving notice that another mortal body is passing to its resting place—peace to the shades of Greenwood. Our path is along the road on which the troops retreated in great disorder to Brooklyn; on the right we see the house occupied by General Washington sometime previous to the landing of the English; it is built of stone, with a gable-roof, and old fashioned iron girders, which mark the date of its erection 1659. It stands, with a strength which will defy decay for years to come, one of the old land-marks of the times. A turn in the road brings us in sight of the old bridge, the Thermopylae of the Mary-

land regiment. It is an old wooden and earthen structure with a mill house and water wheel (burnt a short time ago.) This Maryland regiment was composed of the elite of that State's troops; it had greatly distinguished itself in repelling the attacks of the English on the heights, and was the last to retreat. When others fled in wild confusion they kept firmly to their ranks and retired in good order, covering the crowd of fugitives.

Here at the old bridge, with fearfully diminished ranks, they made a stand to gain time to extricate the sinking crowd in the creek; occupying the old mill they repulsed the victorious enemy until a body of Hessians fording the creek at a short distance below, attacked them in the rear. No quarter was given, nor was it asked, they fell as they had fought, bravely—a very few escaped by swimming. Thus ended the battle of Long Island, but the village of Brooklyn was defended by an inner line of embankment, which had been erected by General Putnam; this extended from where we now stand, at Gowanus bridge, to Wallabout bay on the East river. Passing up to about half a mile from the East river, we come to a high hill on which the Redoubt or Fort Greene was thrown up. This eminence commands the country for some distance around, and was the strongest part of the American defenses, and the more important, as it covered the communication with the main body of the army under Washington in New York. Part of the old fort yet remains with its thick earthen embankment now covered with fresh green grass. From here we look out upon the Wallabout, and from where the army crossed over to New York, shortly after the battle; this great movement was conducted during the night-time, so skilfully and silently, that when the alarm was given to them, the enemy found only the burning watch fires and a deserted fort—artillery, soldiers and baggage had all safely reached the opposite shore. In the little bay below us, at a later period, were moored the terrible prison ships of England. Even now, at this distant time the mind shudders at the mention of the miseries which took place in the old hulks where the suffering patriots were confined; death in its slowest and most trying forms seized them in the floating dungeons, and cruelty, starvation and disease carried them in scores to the grave; a little to the left of the bay we see a small grave-yard in which some pious hands have erected a vault, into which the bones of these martyrs have been gathered.

From this elevated point the eye takes in at a view all the benefits we have derived from the trials and exertions of the revolutionary sires! Across the river lies New York City with its miles of buildings and streets extending up Manhattan Island as far as the eye can reach. The setting sun has gilded the dome of the Crystal Palace, emblem of peace and plenty, and the tall spire of Trinity Church, reaching far above all other edifices, is crowned with a golden cross, upon which the sun shines with dazzling splendor, contrasting with the dark, sombre hue

of the buildings below; the docks are crowded with vessels from all parts of the world, and from the busy ship-yards the workmen are leaving for their homes. Below us lies the Navy-Yard, with its buildings, docks and vessels—anchored at a short distance are three or four majestic men-of-war, with the flag of a happy Union flying at their peaks—to the right is the noble Marine Hospital, and all over is written peace, happiness and prosperity. In the streets below we see a happy, busy crowd, hurrying from their daily toils, and around us, playing among the green field works, are groups of merry children, little dreaming in their gambols, that where they now are, years ago Washington anxiously watched his troops crossing the river, or gazed upon the plain where might be seen the sleeping army of England, with the sentries slowly pacing before their fires; here in the silence of the night he listened to the dull sound of the enemies' working party preparing the battery which was to open upon them in the morning; while from the rear came the hushed sound of his own troops as they embarked. The time and scene has changed, the sword has been superseded by the plough, and the spear by the pruning-hook; the moon and stars shine down upon a peaceful, happy picture, as we slowly wend our way homeward with our mind filled with remembrances of the days passed, with victories lost and gained in the struggle which won the innumerable blessings by which we are surrounded.

A WESTERN PRAIRIE IN SUMMER.

I shall never forget the sensations with which I looked abroad for the first time upon one of these wide-extended champaigns. The morning was one of the brightest and most beautiful of midsummer—the 4th of July. The prairie was then decked in its richest attire of wild verdure and bright flowers. As I entered upon it, descending from a gently sloping bluff, there was spread out before me one vast, unbroken, level plain, to which my eye could discover no boundary, except in the distance on the north. I was struck with the novelty and grandeur of the scene—the prairie resembling a vast sea of living green, its tall grass waving majestically in the breeze, as the waters of old Ocean roll and undulate before the winds. As I rode out upon this prairie, the bluffs behind me and the distant skirting woods on the north gradually faded from view, until they entirely disappeared, and I was, as the dwellers on these plains say, *out of sight of land*.

There is no object more villainously destructive of natural beauty than a large town of very red brick, with a scarlet tiling, very tall chimneys, and very few trees; while there are few objects that harmonize more with the feeling of English ordinary landscape, than the large, old, solitary, brick manor-house, with its group of dark cedars on the lawn in front, and the tall wrought-iron gate opening down the avenue of approach.

JOTTINGS BY MY WINDOW SILL.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

NO. III.—THE COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

"True valor
Lies in the mind, the never yielding purpose,
Nor owns the blind award of giddy fortune."

THOMPSON'S CORIOLANUS.

"Rocks have been shaken from their solid base;
But what shall move a firm and dauntless mind."

JOANNA BAILLIE.

There are various modifications of courage. There is a physical and a moral courage. The one is constitutional—and often forsakes a man when he has the most occasion for it. True courage is a principle inherent within us, and essential for the protection of our property and our right, individually, as well as a nation. It is displayed in the fearlessness, the indifference of the soldier. Regardless of the bristling bayonet, the belching cannon, the poised lance and dripping sword, he mounts the redoubt, and tearing down the enemy's pennon, he places, with a shout of triumph, that of his own instead. Even if defeated, hewn down—his face, upturned in the ghastliness of death, is firm, resolute, defiant in its expression still! Then there is a courage, or rather bravery, that is forced—warped in its principles—an easy prey to superstition, fanaticism, and bigotry—flippant in its motive—noisy in its gallantry—eager in its display—vaunting in its recklessness. But the courage which is ennobling and exalting—which arises from a sense of duty, and therefore always acts in a uniform manner—which grows stronger by cultivation, and must too, be braced by heroic fortitude, is moral courage—the *courage to do right*—at all times, and under all circumstances. He is happy beyond all the experience of princes, who can always rely upon himself for just and resolute action.

Independence of mind, freedom from a slavish respect to the opinion of others, next to goodness of heart, will best insure our happiness in the walks of life. There is a fashion in the world of honoring what has a fair outside. Success too, is made a test of merit. Loosen yourself from such opinions and prejudices, and think, analyze and examine for yourself. And when you are confident that you *know* what is right—your next step is to *do what is right*.

"Then the purposes of life
Stand apart from vulgar strife;
Labor in the path of duty
Gleams up like a thing of beauty!"

When we depend on ourselves, we bring to aid such powers as we have, and that is the pledge of our success. Never falter in your battle for justice and truth. Never waver, never stand half prepared to fly. Heaven has no sympathy for the half-doer, the half-thinker, the feebly righteous. "A sluggish faltering between good and evil, is more fatal to goodness and truth, than the mid-winter of death and denial." A determined spirit breasting against calamities,

and emulous of victory, should not doubt its success. One half are now at the very onset.

"Revolt is recreant, when pursuit is brave;
Never to faint, doth purchase what we crave."

The man who silently endures the martyrdom of the world's scorn, for a high and holy end, for a noble moral truth, for a sublime idea in art, or for a new discovery, incalculable in its value—is the truly courageous man. He is indebted to his fortitude for depth and stability of character—not to credit or applause—for he does not receive the latter till long at rest in his quiet home.

There may be true heroism in the martyr who is willing to have the intrinsic nature of his faith tested at the stake, and whose throbbing soul passes home on the wings of its prayer through blackening smoke and hissing flames; but there is as hallowed, as God-recognized a fortitude and heroism beating in the heart which neither faints nor falters amid life's fire of trial and tribulation.

The courage to do right is silent strength, inflexible purpose, a deep, fixed centre of noble power. It exalts, ennobles and purifies the mind, and enables us to exert an elevated and salutary influence in the sphere of life in which we move. It is the main source of contentment—for when are we happier than when we sit down with the consciousness that we have had the courage to do right? Contentment is dependent on no outward circumstances; if we cannot find it within ourselves, universal experience has proved that it is to little purpose to seek it elsewhere.

The man who has the courage always to do right, is a man of power. It is evinced in the manner in which he overcomes mental and moral difficulties—in the multitudinous objects and relations which he ever keeps in view—in the complicated and various creations of his mind and will—in the beauty and dignity of the result attained. He is not like the bold adventurer who has mounted to the top of some high spire, secure only in his courage, safe only in his fearlessness, lost if he hesitates, dashed to pieces if he looks downward, or pauses to consider his footing. He is like one, who, seated on a rock, gazes calmly on the waves breaking and surging around him—conscious that he is safe.

It is noble even to fail in the effort to do right. The failure will only incite us to renewed effort. Every fresh perception of our total unworthiness, every new temptation, every renewal of the sense of sin, every short-coming in obedience, sets us to examine anew the foundation of our faith, and every such renewed examination, tends to increase our confidence in God and in ourselves.

What character is there more pleasing to look

at, more apt to live in memory forever, than one who is alike calm, dignified, and self-possessed amid the excitement of enterprise and danger, and the relaxing tranquility of familiar social intercourse—never elated by prosperity, nor depressed by ill fortune—performing high and trying duties, and those of the most ordinary grade, with the same scrupulous fidelity? One who under every circumstance, no matter what momentary bearing it may have on his temporal success, no matter how absurd or impolitic it may seem, when viewed through the distorted glasses of avarice or personal aggrandizement, always has *the moral courage to do right*? And if he be despised and scoffed—bound for martyrdom by the unshriven hands of public opinion of his time—and die, still clutching the ponderous axe of his reform—after ages will rear a monument to him in their hearts, and point to him as the first pioneer for a new and God-discovered truth through a trackless waste of superstition and misconception.

"Thus have the courage to do right,
Fearing none and loving all;
For the true man needs no patron—

He shall climb and never crawl;
Two things fashion their own channel—
The strong man and the waterfall."

Nothing is so certain to insure success to a young man just entering upon the world, as the courage to do right. He has a foster-father that will be daunted at nothing, and who will throw open his exchequer without a lecture upon prodigality. And on his death bed, the veil which separates the lower from the spirit world will be raised, and he will be able to gaze upon the burning throne of Jehovah, and the visions of everlasting glory reserved for his final reward. "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

"I said to Death's uplifted dart
Aim sure—O, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Triumphant in the last dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall smiling pass away!"

Mount Joy, Pa.

A PICTURE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A cottage in Switzerland. The old mother spins in a corner of the common sitting room; the deaf and silent father is reading in the old family Bible; the little girl seated at his feet is tying bouquets from the flowers in her apron. It is evening, a quiet and uniform light falls on this peaceful scene. No noise comes from without; all is silence within, save the low humming of the wheel, and the rustling of the holy leaves as they are turned by the old man. But this calm is only outward. Each of these three souls is pursuing its own thought, and three internal, voiceless, monologues rise at once like a mysterious chorus. That of the old mother is a prayer—"Oh God! watch over my son, in this unnatural war between brethren; save him from being stricken, and from the necessity of striking. Bring back my son to me, strong and beautiful as thou gavest him to me, and gentle and peaceful as my love has made him!" And while, between two sighs, the mother's wishes thus ascended, the old man, his eyes fixed on the book of Maccabees, said in his heart, "The boy inquired in his conscience; it told him his duty, and he obeyed. If he live, his brethren will respect him; if he die, God will receive him; for living or dead he will have defended that he believed to be the right." Above these meditations, played the light thought of the little girl, like a swallow around gloomy battlements: "Brother must have gone very far, what will he bring me when he returns? Crystals from the mountains, pretty wooden toys cut by the shepherds, ribbons embroidered with silver, or pretty books with colored pictures? Ah, would he would come back soon though he brought

me nothing!" And lo, while these three souls were thinking of the same thing, rapid steps are heard without, the door opens, a cry bursts forth; it is he, the loved, the wished-for son and brother. The old mother opens her arms to him, the child puts her mouth close to the old man's ear, to shout the good news, and the rays of the setting sun now shining through the open door, light up this happy scene. What tears long repressed now gush forth! What embracings! What questions! The young soldier must tell all he has seen, all he has felt, all he has done. This he can safely do. He has nothing to conceal, and to each of those who awaited him, he brings from that short struggle a remembrance to suit: to his mother he can speak of women saved, of wounded men succored; to his father he can say, that amid the hail of balls and cannon shot his heart beat calmly, and to his little sister he gives his cockade (henceforth useless) for a plaything. For himself he will preserve only the memory of that painful trial, with the thought that he entered into it as a citizen, and came out a man.

A bent coin is often given in the West of England for luck. A crooked sixpence is usually selected by careful grandmothers, aunts, and uncles, to bestow as the "hanselling" of a new purse. We find a curious record of this custom in Fox's "Book of Martyrs," when, in 1557, Alice Benden, when bound to the stake at Canterbury, presented to her brother a shilling of Philip and Mary, which her father had bent, or bowed, and sent to her when she was first committed to prison.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF APPAREL.

It should seem strange that, in an age when so much is sacrificed to externals—when so much care is given to mere display, the arts of Architecture and Dress, to which that display and the government of those externals belong, should be so feebly comprehended, and their principles so little studied. Extravagant as the times are (and most especially in America) in expenditure for apparel, we produce less valuable results than the most barbaric nations or times. Our buildings and our dress are alike—heartless, cold and worthless, so far as any effect on the mind is concerned; and as all Art education is the same in principle, and as, to be effective, all teaching must be an elucidation of principles, the artistic training of a people can begin nowhere so well as in its dress, in which we are all concerned, and in which we must perforce produce some kind of result, good or bad, as we work in knowledge and feeling, or in ignorance and indifference.

We believe it to be a great mistake that a large portion of the Christian world lies under, that any study for effect in dress is idle. It is indeed of less importance than our morals, but it need in no wise conflict with them, or divert us from the study of things nobler, for it costs as much in time and money, to dress badly as to dress well; the gratification of the love of the beautiful being better attained with the harmonious colors, than with the costly stuffs, and with daisies and pinks, rather than with diamonds and richly chased and enamelled jewelry. Beauty is as cheap as wild flowers, and no consideration of morality or theology demands that we should prefer a plain or ugly thing to one that is beautiful, where the procuring of the latter, involves neither loss of goodness nor the ability to do good. Indeed, Christianity contemplates the perfection of humanity, and therefore embraces in its scheme the development of every God-given faculty—the least as well as the greatest, and perfection is not given until all are harmoniously wrought out into the perfect human being. If we sacrifice the ability to do good, to the love of self-adornment, we sin, not in loving too much to adorn ourselves, but in loving good works insufficiently. We cannot love anything which is unlovable, but we may neglect that which is most worthy, through love for that which is less so; but so long as we do not this, we transgress no moral or spiritual law in loving the beautiful in our apparel. The sin lies rather in putting away the good and joyous gifts of Providence.

Dress is not a mere thing of use, but a means of expressing the essential nature of the wearer—as much an emanation from, and an expression of, his spirit, as his words or his actions—it tells the state his soul keeps in its clay tenement. We all know this—we know that the robe of a king is his dignity—his crown his glory, while the peasant is told by his blouse and soiled cap, and to save our very lives, we cannot help being impressed by the garbs of those we meet, and

judging the wearers by them. Some may be gifted with a vision which penetrates through this—but the mass of mankind are not, and to them the dress stands for its wearer, as with every man, however keen-sighted, it influences his judgment to some degree; and the more gifted we are with the power to pierce masks, the more readily we perceive and despise incongruity of the inner and the outer, so that we regard the wealthy peasant in his velvet blouse and cap, whose commonness no jewels will conceal, as more vulgar than if fortune had not raised him from the necessity of wearing cotton and greasy seal-skin, while we reverence the moneyless being who wraps his threadbare cloak around him with true regal dignity, and wears on his brow that glory of manhood whose feeble shadow a golden crown is.

Our feeling for dress is corrupted by the prevalent feeling of the time, as much as our morals or our politics; and there is, perhaps, no more decided means of taking the measure of the times, than this. When the *sans culottes* of the Reign of Terror marked a man as suspicious who wore a clean shirt, they knew that the apparel expressed the man, and that that one who refused to descend to the unwashed level, was capable of cherishing sentiments opposed to the dead degradation of their democracy, and they wisely put him out of the way. We, in our own time, tell our idle, iron utility by the stiff, angular fashion of our clothes, and the obstinate, dogged defiance of the lines of ease and grace in every garment. And, in fact, every reform in dress seems to have in view some further subjugation of beauty to utility, and to consult for its motive rather fitness for the functions of toil, than for those of delight. Thus, the costume called the Bloomer sacrifices every element of dignity and grace, to the advantage of easier locomotion. Now, where unimpeded locomotion is the desideratum, we say to the ladies, by all means wear the Bloomer costume, if you like it; but, where you dress for the purpose of display or adorning, keep as far from it as possible. There is an "eternal fitness" in dress—it is beauty; there is, also, a temporary fitness—it is use; and, for our own part, we prefer even to see a dress trailing on a pavement, when its wearer is promenading, to seeing her display herself in a garb whose only superiority consists in its being more convenient for common uses. We have before given our reasons for calling the Bloomer costume ungraceful, and, therefore, need not give them here—but that any woman of taste could ever have persuaded herself that it was more beautiful than the simple flowing robe, is more than we can understand. If useful, wear it, when needed; but don't utilize dress for the promenade or the parlor, and consider it an artistic reform.

No, no! if we are going to reform, let it be towards beauty instead of from it. We are willing to make some sacrifices of the lower

uses—we are willing to give iron mines and mill-sites (if we had them) for châteaux in Spain, even; but this age has sold too many golden dreams for iron realities—it has fenced imagination in too closely with its wire fences of telegraph and railroad. Give us, at least in

dress, where curves need not be measured by a given radius, or fashioned to attain the highest speed of locomotion like the hull of a steamer, the full liberty to defy the utilitarianism and plainness that beset us on every side.—*The Crayon.*

A SATURDAY EVENING SOLILOQUY.

BY A PARENT.

Another week is gone! The Recording Angel has taken his impressions of the thoughts, purposes, motives and states of the inner man, as well as of the acts of the outer life—impressions exact and faithful as those of the Daguerrian! I have one week less to live, and am one week nearer to the time of giving an account of the way in which I have employed the precious gift of life with all its powers, privileges, duties, responsibilities, and opportunities.

What are the impressions which my words and deeds are likely to have made on others during the past week? What influences, for good or for evil, have gone forth from my conduct and conversation, and from my whole life, during the week now ending? Have I been sufficiently thoughtful of the influence which I might exert by means of words and deeds, and by means of the aims which I may be laboring to accomplish, or of the motives which I make manifestation of as the springs of my conduct? Have I kept sufficiently in remembrance the fact, that all these things have an influence, and that no part of what is included in the general designation of *example* is without its influence, either for good or for evil, in my own family, in my own immediate neighborhood, and among all with whom I associate, or whose minds I can in any way reach? In my endeavors and plans for doing good, have I sufficiently considered what might be done in this way, either to help or to hinder these benevolent efforts? The language of my actions—of my whole life or example—will make a deeper and more indelible impression on the minds of my family, and of those around me, than any professions I may make, or any precepts I may give. Those familiar with me will read in my daily conversation and conduct what my aims and aspirations are, what I am living and laboring for, and what I consider to be the objects most worthy of being sought and striven after. What have they been reading lately in my life's language, in my daily conversation and conduct, in regard to these aims and objects? It does not admit of doubt that the example—the daily spirit, temper, and motives, or daily conversation and conduct of *parents*—do much, yea *very much*, to mould and fashion the character of their children. It is, therefore, a solemn and important question to me, as to every parent, what is the stamp and impression which my children are receiving from my example? Are they learning from me to curb and restrain temper, passion and pro-

pensity, or to give them the reins of free indulgence? Are they learning from what I *do*, and not merely from what I *say*, to live for noble and Heaven-approved ends, or for ignoble, unworthy, earthly, and animal ones? I am conscious, I am fully convinced, that the language of my daily and hourly life, or example, will influence my children much more powerfully to live for the most worthy objects, than any language or exhortation uttered by the lips. The preaching of my *life* will do more than all the preaching of my *lips* to induce my children, and all within the sphere of my influence, to walk the steep and upward way that leads to excellence and usefulness—to self-approval and to the approbation of all the good, whether on earth or in Heaven. A

TO A GIFTED YOUNG LADY,

WHO WISHED THAT SHE WAS RICH.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

Which would you rather have, Louise,
To hold in your gentle hand?
Would you grasp a golden sceptre,
Or wave a magic wand?

The sceptre can build you a palace,
And pave life's streets with gold;
But the wand can bear your spirit up
To where angels their plumes unfold.

The sceptre can spread you a banquet,
And pour out the ruby wine;
But the wand can strike the rock, Louise,
'Till it gushes with waters divine.

The sceptre may win you high station,
In the land whence your fathers came;
But the wand can write your name, Louise,
On the adamant walls of fame.

Fashion and rank may bend, Louise,
To the sceptre's glittering sway;
But she who waves the wand, Louise,
Bids heart and mind obey.

Then sigh no more for the sceptre of wealth,
It might cumber your youthful hand;
The wand of genius is Heaven's own gift—
And to you it has given the wand.

Philadelphia.

UNDER A CLOUD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Did you ever see a sadder face?"

It was the remark of a lady to her friend, as Mrs. Loring passed her window. Mrs. Loring had ridden out for the first time for months; not now of her own choice, but in obedience to the solicitation of a friend, and the positive commands of her physician. She was in deep sorrow—refusing all comfort. Heavy clouds were in her sky—black clouds, through which not a ray of sunshine penetrated.

"Never," answered the friend, while a shade, caught from Mrs. Loring's countenance, flitted across her own face. "Who can she be?"

"Didn't you recognize her?"

"No. The countenance was, to me, that of a stranger."

"I can hardly wonder that it should be so," said the friend, "for she is sadly changed. That was poor Mrs. Loring, who lost her two children last winter from scarlet fever."

"Mrs. Loring!" The lady might well look surprised. "Sorrow has, indeed, done a fearful work there. But is it right, thus to sit under a cloud—right, thus to oppose no strong barrier to the waters of affliction that go sweeping over the soul, marring all its beauty?"

"It is not right," was answered. "The heart that thus sits in darkness, brooding over its loss, sorrows with a selfish sorrow. The clouds that shut out the sun, are exhalations from its own stagnant surface. It makes the all-pervading gloom by which it is surrounded. I pity Mrs. Loring, unhappy sufferer that she is, but my pity for her is always mingled with a desire to speak sharp, rebuking words, in the hope to agitate the slumberous atmosphere, in which she is enveloped like a cloud."

"I wonder," remarked the other, "that her husband permits her to brood so long in idle grief over the inevitable."

"Husbands," was replied, "have often the least salutary influence over their wives, when bowed with affliction. Some men have no patience with displays of excessive grief in woman, and are, therefore, more ignorant than children in regard to its treatment. Such a man is Mr. Loring. All that he does or says, therefore, only deepens the encompassing shadow. A wise, unselfish man, with a mind to realize something of his wife's true state, and a heart to sympathize with her, will always lead her from beneath the clouds of sorrow, upward to the cheerful heights upon which the sunshine rests. If she show unwillingness to be led—if she court the shadows, and hide in the gloom of her own dark repinings—he does not become impatient. He loves her with too unselfish a love for this. And so he brings light to her on his own countenance, the sunshine of even affected cheerfulness, that penetrates the murky atmosphere in which she sits, and warms her heart with its genial radiance. Thus he woos her with sunny gleams from the clear sky that yet bends over her, and that will make all again

bright and beautiful on the earth of her spirit, if she will but lift herself above the clouds. It is the misfortune of Mrs. Loring, that she is not blessed with such a husband."

The subject of this conversation had, on that morning, yielded to the solicitations of one of her nearest friends, and with great reluctance, consented to go out with her in her carriage.

"I shall be much better at home," she objected, to the urgent appeals of her friend. "The quiet suits me. The stillness of my own chamber accords best with my feelings. The glare and bustle of the busy streets will only disturb me deeper. I know it is kindness in you, but it is a mistaken kindness."

To reason with her would have been useless, and so reason was not attempted.

"I have come prepared to hear no objection," was the firm answer. "The doctor says that you are injuring your health, and must go out. So get yourself ready."

"Health—life even! What are they to me? I have nothing to live for!" was the gloomy response. "Come quickly the time when I shall lay me down and sleep in peace."

"A woman, and nothing to live for! One of God's intelligent creatures, and nothing to live for!"

There was so much of rebuke in the tone with which this was uttered, that Mrs. Loring was partially aroused thereby.

"Come! Let us see whether there be not something to live for. Come! you must go with me this morning."

So decisive was the lady's manner—so impelling the action of the will—that Mrs. Loring found herself unable to resist, and so, with a reluctance that was not concealed, she made her preparations to go out. In due time she was ready, and, descending with her friend, took a seat in her carriage and was driven away.—Houses, trees, public buildings, swept, like a moving panorama, before her eyes, and though familiar objects glassed themselves therein, they failed to awaken the slightest interest. The sky was clear, and the bright sunshine lay everywhere; but her heart still sat under a cloud, and folded around itself gloom for a mantle. Her friend talked to her; calling her attention every little while to some new palace-house, or to some glimpse of rural beauty which the eye caught far in the distance. But all was vain; the mourner's slender form still shrank back amongst the cushions, and her face wore its saddest aspect.

Suddenly the carriage drew up before a neat looking house of moderate size, with a plat of ground in front, wherein was a verdant square and borders of well-tended flowers. Ere Mrs. Loring had time to ask a question, the coachman was at the door.

"Why do you stop here?" she inquired.

"I wish to make a brief call. Come! You must go in with me."

Mrs. Loring shook her head in a positive way, and said "No," still more positively.

"You will meet no light votary of fashion here, my friend," said the lady, "but one who has suffered like yourself. Come!"

But Mrs. Loring shrunk farther back in the carriage.

"It is, now, only three months since she followed to their mortal resting place two precious little ones, the last of her flock, that, scarcely a year ago, numbered four. I want you to meet her. Sisters in sorrow, you cannot but feel drawn towards each other by cords of sympathy."

Mrs. Loring shook her head imperatively.

"No—no! I do not wish to see her. I have grief enough of my own, without sharing in that of others. Why did you bring me here?" There was something like anger in the voice of Mrs. Loring.

"Six months, nearly, have passed since God took your children to himself, and time, that softens grief, has brought to you at least some healing leaves. The friend I wish to visit—a friend in humble life—is sorrowing with as deep a sorrow, that is yet but three months old.—Have you no word to speak to her? Can you not, at least, mingle a tear with her tears? It may do you both good. But I do not wish to urge a selfish reason. Bear up, with womanly fortitude under your own sorrow, and seek to heal the sorrow of a sister, over whose heart are passing the same waters of affliction. Come, my friend!"

Mrs. Loring, so strongly urged, stepped out upon the pavement. She did so with a reluctance that was almost unconquerable. O, how earnestly she wished herself back again in the shadowy solitude of her own home.

"Is Mrs. Adrian at home?" was inquired of the tidy girl, who came to the door. The answer being in the affirmative, the ladies entered, and were shown into a small but neat sitting room, on the walls of which were portraits in crayon, of four as lovely children as ever the eyes looked upon. The sight of these sweet young faces stirred the waters of sorrow in the heart of Mrs. Loring, and she hardly restrained her tears. While yet her pulses throbbed with a quicker beat, the door opened, and a woman entered, on whose rather pale face was a smile of pleasant welcome.

"My friend Mrs. Loring," such was the introduction, "of whom I spoke to you several times."

The smile did not fade from the countenance of Mrs. Adrian, but its expression changed as she took the hand of Mrs. Loring, and said:

"I thank you for the kindness in calling."

Mrs. Loring returned the warm pressure with which her hand was taken. Her lips moved slightly, but no word found utterance. Not the feeblest effort at a responsive smile was visible.

"We have both been called to pass through the fire," said Mrs. Adrian, in more subdued tones, though the smile still played around her lips. "Happily, One walked with us when the flames were fiercest, or we must have been consumed."

It was now her voice reached the heart of Mrs. Loring. The eyes of the selfish woman had drooped to the floor, and her thought was turning in upon itself. In the smile that hovered about the lips of Mrs. Adrian, she had seen only indifference—not a sweet resignation. The words just spoken, but more particularly the voice that gave them utterance, unveiled to her the sorrow of a kindred sufferer, who would not let the voice of wailing disturb another's ear, nor the shadow of her grief fall upon a spirit already under a cloud. The drooping eyes of Mrs. Loring were raised, with a half wondering expression, to the face of Mrs. Adrian. Still hovered a smile about those pale lips; but its meaning was no longer a mystery—the smile was a loving effort to send light and warmth to the heart of a grieving sister. From the face of Mrs. Adrian the eye of Mrs. Loring wandered to the portraits of her children on the wall.

"All gone!" The words fell from Mrs. Loring's lips almost involuntarily. She spoke from a new impulse—pity for a sister in sorrow.

"All," was answered. "They were precious to me—very precious—but God took them."

A slight huskiness veiled her voice.

"Beautiful children!" Mrs. Loring still gazed on the portraits. "And all taken in a year. O, how did you keep your heart from breaking?"

"He who laid upon me so heavy a burden, gave me strength to bear it," was the low reply.

"I have found no strength in a like affliction," said Mrs. Loring, sadly.

"No strength! Have you sought sustaining power?" Mrs. Adrian spoke with a winning earnestness.

"I have prayed for comfort, but none came," said Mrs. Loring, sadly.

"Praying is well; but it avails not, unless there be also doing."

"Doing?"

"Yes, the faithful doing of our duty. Sorrow has no antidote like this."

Mrs. Loring gazed intently upon the face of her monitor.

"When the last heavy strokes fell upon my heart," continued Mrs. Adrian, "shattering it, as it seemed, to pieces, I lay for a little while stunned, weak and almost helpless. But as soon as thought began to run clear, I said to myself—'Is there nothing for my hands to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours the only suffering spirit in the world?' Then I thought of my husband's sorrow, which he bore so silently and manfully, striving to look away from his own grief, that he might bring comfort to me. 'Is it not in my power to lessen for him the gloom of our desolate household?' I asked of myself. I felt that it was, and when next he returned home at the day's decline, I met him—not with a face of gloom as before, but with as cheerful a countenance as it was in my power to assume. I had my reward; I saw that I had lightened his burden, and from that moment, half the pressure of mine was removed. Since then I have never suffered my heart to brood idly over its grief; but in daily duties sought the strength that

never is given to those who fold their hands in fruitless inactivity. The removal of my children lightened all home duties, and took away objects of love that I felt must be in a measure restored. I had the mother's heart still. And so I sought out a motherless little one, and gathered her into the fold of my love. Ah, madam! this is the best balsam for the bereaved and bleeding affections, that I can tell of. To me it has brought comfort, and reconciled me to losses, the bare anticipation of which once made me almost beside myself with fear. Sometimes, as I sit with the tender babe I now call my own, resting on my bosom, a thought of heaven goes pleasantly through my mind, and I picture to myself the mother of this adopted child as the loving guardian of my own babes, now risen into the spiritual kingdom of our Father. I cannot tell you what a thrill of delight such thoughts at times awaken!"

Mrs. Loring bowed her head upon her bosom, and sat in silence for some moments. Then she said:

"You have read me a lesson from which I hope to profit. No wonder my heart has ached on with undiminished pain. I have been selfish in my grief. 'There is nothing now to live for,' I have repeated to myself over and over again, until I believed the words."

"Nothing to live for!" Mrs. Adrian spoke in a surprised voice. "In the image and likeness of God we were all made; and if we would have the lost beauty restored, we must imitate God in our lives. He loves every one with a divine tenderness, and is ever seeking to bless us. If we would be like him, we must love each other, and seek each other's good. He has given us the ability to impart blessings, and made true happiness to depend on the exercise of this ability, and if we fold our hands and sit in idle repining, happiness is not possible. How fully have I proved this!"

"And God helping me, I will prove the opposite," said Mrs. Loring, speaking from the warmth of a new impulse. "Long enough have I been sitting under a cloud."

"While the bright sun shone far above in the clear heavens," added the friend, with a smile of encouragement.

"May we see this babe you have called your own?" said Mrs. Loring.

The little one was brought; and as she lay tenderly clasped to the bosom of her new mother, giving even more of blessedness than she received, Mrs. Loring, after her lips had touched with a lingering pressure the pure forehead, said:

"Your action has been wiser and better than mine, and you have had your reward. While the waters of love have grown stagnant in my heart, sending up murky exhalations to darken my sky, yours have been kept sweet and pure, to mirror the bending heavens. I thank you for the lesson."

She wore a different face on returning home, than when she went forth so reluctantly. There was a rift in the overshadowing clouds, and a few rays of sunshine came warmly down. Even the inception of good purposes had moved the

long pulseless waters, and the small ripples on the surface were catching the light.

A few weeks of unselfish devotion to the life-duties awaiting her hand on all sides, wrought a wonderful change in Mrs. Loring. In seeking to be useful to others, her heart was comforted; and when, into that heart—ever yearning with a mother's undying love—a babe, left helpless and friendless in the world, was taken, the work of consolation was completed. She sat under a cloud no longer. Above her arched the beautiful sky, bright through the cheerful day; and when the night of grief for the loss of her precious ones returned, as it would return at intervals, a thousand stars made beautiful the azure firmament.

SUMMER-TIME.

BY E. JESSEUP KAMES.

The balmy breath of a thousand flowers
Floats soft on the summer breeze;
Mid clouds of the leafiest foliage,
Rich sunstreaks dart through the trees.
The shadows lie gently sleeping
Among the green-bladed grass—
And small daisies are modestly peeping
Up from the earth-verdure's mass.

Above, like a blossoming arbor wave,
The chestnuts' arch'd branches meet,
And the dewy-sweet violets purple
The emerald moss at our feet.
Nestled among the link'd branches,
The wild woodland warblers sing—
And the locust flowers, in clustering knots,
From the light boughs gaily swing!

In the grain field is greenly swaying,
The silken plumes of the corn,
And the ruby stems of the buckwheat,
In the summer showers are born.
In the standing grass the red clover
Blends sweet with the new-mown hay,
Loading earth and air with a fragrance
That follows the reapers' way.

The blessing of God be on Summer-time,
For the glorious gifts she brings—
For the beauty she shows us in Nature,
In the tiniest flower that springs.
Yea! the earth is an Eden of beauty,
With its trees, and fruits, and flowers—
O! blessing of God! remain, then,
With all our Summer-time Flowers!

JARVIS, the painter, was one day employed in painting a portrait of Bishop —, and during the progress of the sitting, the venerable prelate began to remonstrate with him at the dissipated course of life into which he had fallen. Jarvis made no reply, but dropping his pencil from the forehead of the portrait to the lower part of the face, he said, with a slight motion to the reverend sitter, "Just shut your mouth, my lord." By painting upon that feature he changed the subject in two senses.

"CIGARS FOR TWO;" OR, CURING A SMOKER.

[We take the following amusing story from a book of pleasantly written sketches, entitled, "In Doors and Out:"]

CHAPTER I.

"Smokes, does he? The abominable wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Volant to her friend, Mrs. Washburn, a young wife who had just gone to house-keeping.

"He smokes, but he is not an abominable wretch—I am sure he is not," replied Mrs. Washburn, a little startled by the hard name applied to her husband, whom she both loved and esteemed.

"Not a wretch?"

"No, I'm sure he is not!"

"Yes, he is; any husband, especially one who has been married only a year, and won't leave off smoking when his wife desires it, must be a wretch."

"No, you overstate the case. He is everything a husband ought to be—so kind, so devoted, so indulgent. But then, I do wish he would not smoke."

"You must break him of it—the cruel monster."

"Nay, do not call him such hard names; I love him with all my heart, though he does smoke."

"Well, I suppose you do; young wives are apt to be foolish."

"Foolish!"

"Yes; he sees, I dare say, that you love him, and so he takes the advantage of you."

"Why, Mrs. Volant, don't you love your husband?"

"Well, suppose I do; there is no need of telling him of it. I make him think I don't care anything about him. Why, I can manage him as easily as I could a kitten."

"I don't like that; I think there ought to be love and confidence between man and wife."

"Pooh!"

"You cannot be happy with him."

"I should not be, if I became his slave!"

"Not his slave!"

"Don't you believe it! When you have been married as long as I have, you will get rid of some of these sentimental notions, which answer very well for the first year or so, but become very inconvenient after that."

"For my part, I always mean to love my husband as much as I do now, even if it is sentimental."

"See if you do! Husbands must be carefully managed, or they become tyrants. Now, my husband smoked the first year after marriage; but then he was a little careful about bringing his cigar into the house, for I told him, up and down, I wouldn't have it."

"I should suppose he would have rebelled."

"He did, but not at first. One night, nearly a year after we were married, he brought home a whole bundle of cigars, and put them on the

mantel-piece. Taking one, he very coolly lighted it, and proceeded to read the evening paper."

"That's just the way my husband does."

"I was downright mad at his impudence; but I did not say a word. The next day I bought a monstrous great snuff box, and filled it full of rappee. In the evening he lighted his cigar as before; but no sooner had he done so, than I seated myself opposite to him, and drawing out my snuff box, I took a generous pinch, snuffing the filthy stuff into my nostrils, at the risk of sneezing my head off."

"How funny!"

"My husband did not think so. He looked at me with astonishment. 'You take snuff?' said he. 'I do; at least, I mean to learn,' I replied. 'It is a filthy habit,' says he. 'No worse than smoking,' says I. We debated the matter for a long time, and at last he gave up the point, and promised to throw away his cigars if I would throw away my snuff."

"And he never smoked any more?" asked Mrs. Washburn, laughing.

"Yes, he began once after; but I took to the snuff again, and he gave it up."

"Are you sure he don't smoke now?"

"If he does, he never lets me see him. My sitting room is not all smoked up, as yours is."

"It was a glorious trick!"

"That it was, and I advise you to try it upon Mr. Washburn."

"I! I couldn't take a pinch of snuff any more than I could swallow an elephant."

"Smoke, then. There are some nice little cigars sold at the apothecary's, made on purpose for ladies. They are so mild that they wouldn't make you sick; though, even if they did, you wouldn't mind, so they cure your husband of smoking."

"It seems too bad to play such a trick upon him—he is always so kind, and permits me to do just as I please," said the tender-hearted Mrs. Washburn.

"What else could he do?"

"It looks kind of mean to me."

"Not a bit."

"I don't know as it would succeed."

"Nonsense! I am sure it would. He never would let you smoke, for these husbands have an awful horror of any impropriety in their wives."

"Then, he says he has always smoked, and can't leave it off."

"Pshaw! The old story!"

"I am almost tempted to try it."

"I would."

"It seems so unkind, though, that I have hardly the heart to do it."

"You are optional, my dear Mrs. Washburn. When you have been married——"

The remark was broken off by the abrupt entrance of the "abominable wretch" himself. Mrs. Washburn rose as he entered, and in spite of the abominable odor that his breath must

have exhaled, printed a kiss upon his tobacco-stained lips.

The lady "who had been married several years" was disgusted, and after a few words concerning the weather, took her leave.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Washburn was a pretty, affectionate, gentle-hearted wife. Her whole existence was bound up with her husband, as well it might be; for never was husband more devoted to his wife than he was. To our mind she was a model wife; none of your stormy vixens, that set their hearts upon attaining a point, and will pull the house down upon your head but they will attain it.

In her eye, Mr. Washburn had only one fault; and that was the villainous habit of smoking, which all her eloquence had been powerless to overcome. She didn't "put her foot down," as her friend, Mrs. Volant, had done; for—poor, gentle-hearted creature—she couldn't think of provoking a quarrel with him, and had about concluded to make the best of it, and let him smoke in peace.

But there was something so irresistibly funny about Mrs. Volant's plan, that she determined to try it, and, accordingly, on the afternoon of the next day, she sent the Irish girl to the apothecary's shop for a bunch of "Bagdad cigars." Disposing of a few of them in her work basket, ready for the momentous occasion, her mind pictured the scene that would ensue when she should light one of them. It was so funny that she laughed out loud at the idea. Wouldn't he be surprised to see her, who had teased him so much to leave off smoking, commence the practice herself! Wouldn't his eyes stick out, when he should see her puffing a cigar at her sewing, as he did when he read the evening paper!

She was so pleased with the plan, that she would have put it in execution, even if it had been only for the sport it promised her, independently of any good result which might flow from it. Wouldn't he beg her to smoke no more! Wouldn't he be mortified, and wouldn't she win the day, and glory over his defeat! Wouldn't he be glad to promise her that he wouldn't smoke another cigar as long as he lived! She was so delighted that she could hardly contain herself.

Mr. Washburn came home to tea, and, as usual when he entered the house, he gave her a kiss, and a tender greeting. They were seated at the tea table; Mrs. Washburn was so full of mirth, that she came near scalding herself with the hot tea when she poured it out. Her merry, mischievous laugh rang pleasantly on her husband's ear, who, poor fellow, could have had no idea of the terrible ordeal through which he was doomed to pass.

When tea was over, the astral lamp transferred to the lightstand, and Mr. Washburn had stretched himself into a comfortable position in the large easy rocking chair, with his legs lazily reposing in another chair, the everlasting cigar was produced, lighted, and began to diffuse its fragrance through the room.

Mrs. Washburn could hardly control her inclination to burst into a laugh at the mere

thought of what she was about to do. Seating herself at the side of the table opposite her husband, she took from the work basket, with an air as grave and solemn as a judge, one of the "Bagdads." Placing the filthy roll between her ruby lips, she glanced at her husband.

"Now, Mr. Smoker," thought she,—it would have spoiled the joke to have said it,—“we will see whether you don't abandon that nasty habit.”

Mr. Washburn happened to glance at her; but, contrary to her expectation, he manifested no surprise, and went on reading the Transcript.

"So, so, Mr. Smoker," thought she again, "you think I am joking, do you? I will soon convince you;" and the lady took a taper, and applied a light to the cigar.

But Mrs. Washburn was rather inexperienced in the *modus operandi* of lighting a cigar, and she was unable to make it "go." She lit another taper, and puffed away with all her might; but the Bagdad was as resolute as the great caliph himself. She persevered, till her extraordinary exertions again attracted the attention of Mr. Washburn.

"You are lighting the wrong end, my dear," said he, with the utmost nonchalance.

"How provoking he is!" thought Mrs. Washburn. "Why don't he remonstrate?"

"You should bite off the twisted end, and then put it in your mouth," continued the husband, turning to the paper again.

Aided by these directions, the lady took another cigar, which she succeeded in lighting. The first taste of the tobacco smoke was horrible; but she had determined to be a martyr for her husband's sake; and taking her sewing, she continued to puff away as she plied her needle, till a certain nausea compelled her to abandon the experiment for that time. Casting the Bagdad into the grate, she began to wish she had not listened to Mrs. Volant.

"What is the matter, my dear? Wasn't it a good cigar? Try mine; they are Monte Christos of the first quality," and the imperturbable Mr. Washburn offered her a choice from his case.

"No, I thank you, my dear: I will not smoke any more to-night."

"But what's the matter, Mary? You are as pale as a sheet!"

"I feel a little faint; I shall be better in a moment," and Mrs. Washburn was obliged to leave the room.

Poor woman! she was sick all the evening! But the next day, Mrs. Volant, who had called to learn the success of the experiment, advised her to try again, assuring her it would not make her sick the second time.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Washburn had a couple of his intimate friends at his house to play a game of whist the next evening, and the devoted wife resolved to try the effect of a smoke in their presence.

When the party were seated, Mr. Washburn passed round his cigar case.

"Won't you smoke, my dear?" asked he, tendering the cigars to his wife.

"I will; but you know, Joseph, that I never smoke your cigars, they do not suit my taste."

Whew! that was cool!

Mrs. Washburn lit a Bagdad.

"Is it possible you smoke, Mrs. Washburn?" asked Mr. Barnes, astonished at the singular spectacle of a woman puffing away at a cigar, for all the world, like a loafer in a bar room.

"Occasionally, just to please my husband," replied Mrs. Washburn, after she had blown out a long wreath of blue smoke.

"Yes, Barnes," interposed Mr. Washburn; "it is more sociable, you know, to have company when one smokes. We are generally alone in the evening, and she is so kind as to smoke with me. Ah, Barnes, teach your wife to smoke, it is so pleasant to smoke with one's wife."

The lady was thunderstruck. Was it possible that he had no more respect for the proprieties of life than that? She smoke! She had already acquired the reputation of being a smoker, without having produced any of the anticipated good results.

Mrs. Washburn threw the lighted Bagdad into the stove. She had almost cried with vexation.

"Not smoke, my dear?" said her husband.

"I think you can be sociable to night, if I don't smoke."

"Do smoke my dear; it gives me so much pleasure to see you enjoy a good cigar."

"That's too bad, Joseph."

Mr. Washburn laughed outright, and throwing down his cards, explained the event of the preceding evening.

"I will own up; I did it to break him of the habit. I give it up!"

When the gentlemen had taken their leave, Mrs. Washburn explained by whose advice she had adopted the plan.

"Mrs. Volant has the reputation of being a perfect shrew. Her husband is a laughing stock for all State Street. She is a bad adviser."

"How slick you have turned the joke upon me!" said Mrs. Washburn, laughing heartily.

"To tell the truth, I overheard some of your conversation when the plot was laid."

"O, ho! you did? No wonder it failed, then."

"I did; but, Mary, are you so very much against my smoking? I love the weed, but I love you more;" and Mr. Washburn kissed her tenderly.

"Nay, I will say no more about it. Perhaps I was selfish."

"Not selfish; I will leave it off, my dear, for your sake."

"No, no; I don't want you to do so. If you are so very fond of smoking, I never will say another word about it."

And Mr. Washburn has smoked his cigar in peace ever since.

AFTER THE STORM COMETH THE SUNSHINE.

It has been said that "every cloud hath a silver lining," and the person who penned this truthful and poetical sentence, might also have added, with equal claim to truth, that after the storm cometh the sunshine.

No matter how hard the tempest may rage—no matter how dense the clouds that overshadow the heavens of God's beautiful heritage, the earth—no matter how fierce the winds that drift the storm, and lash the billows of the ocean, and commit havoc and destruction among the abodes of men—no matter how howls the raging, unloosed flends of air and water—the darkness will become light, the winds will be hushed, the sky will brighten, the waters become calm, men will look up and bless their Maker—and after all cometh the sunshine—the God-given, heaven-blessed, life-giving sunshine.

That the above is true of the elements of the material universe, no one will hardly dispute. That the same may be said of the little life-horizon of man's heavens, will be almost as readily admitted.

We care not how rough and untoward a face the world may expose to her most unworthy and unlucky inhabitant—we care not how bleak blow the winds of chill adversity—we care not how grudgingly the rich bestow upon their dependents the little which is necessary to keep body and soul together—we care not how hard the task-master, and how poor the pay—how

tried the soul—how weak the faith—how troubled the spirit—how feeble the pulse—if life be left—(and even after the dark shadow of the valley of death has been passed, is there not hope in an Eternity beyond the grave?)—we care not how sore the trials—how bitter the persecutions endured—there is a God in Heaven, and after all these crosses cometh the sunshine.

Thank God for the sunshine! How beautiful, how heavenly its mission, both the material and the immaterial; the one to give life, health and vigor to all earthly things—to paint the lily—to ripen the fruit—to vivify and illuminate the vast and otherwise chaotic face of nature; and the other to lighten the hearts—purify the feelings—and revive the drooping spirits of the otherwise dark and deluded inhabitants of the earth.

Son of sorrow and weeping—*man*; when the damp is on your heart, and the clouds sweep over your head, despair not—God sendeth afterwards the sunshine.

Daughter of want and wretchedness—*woman*; when the world frowns upon you, and the worldlings shun thee, and pass on the other side—when your soul is heavy with accumulated grief, and your eyes over-full with tears, despair thee not—there is a "good Samaritan"—after the storm cometh the sunshine.—*Chicago Budget.*

GOING A MAYING.

Reader, in your days of innocence—the innocence of early manhood, I mean—did you ever go a Maying?

What do you say? Never! Well, well; I'll not force you to any unwilling confessions. As for myself, I freely own that I have been a Maying. Often? O no; I didn't say that. But I've been a Maying, and know something of its pleasures. Shall I tell you about them?

Well, it was some years ago, and I was younger than I am now—younger and more simple-minded.

"Jones," said a friend to me, near the close of a March-like April, in which we had enjoyed plenty of showers, but rather a small quantity of sun—tears in profusion, but no overabundance of smiles—"we're getting up a party for May morning. Will you go along?"

"A Maying party?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"Who are to be of the number?"

"Johnson, Williams, and myself, and some of the girls."

"Ah! What girls?"

"Grace Phillips."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and Mary Weston."

The name of Mary Weston made my heart beat faster.

"Are you sure Mary is going?" said I.

"O yes," was replied; "she made the first suggestion."

"I guess I'll go, then."

"Very well. In fact, we have already put you down as one of the number. Will you call for Mary?"

"You couldn't ask me to do a more agreeable thing," said I.

"All right, then. You'd better see Mary, and tell her of this arrangement."

Which duty I hesitated not to perform.

After some consultation among all the parties to the affair in contemplation, it was finally arranged that we should all meet at sunrise on the Belvedere Bridge, which spanned the Falls, about half a mile from B—, unless we happened to get into company on our way towards our place of rendezvous. From this point, we were to proceed up the York road, and get our May flowers from garden or wood, which ever gave the best promise of floral treasures.

The last day of April was a day of genial sunshine, and closed with the promise of a bright May morning; but, if the clerk of the weather had been arraigned on the next day for breach of promise, I rather think an impartial jury would have convicted him. This, however, is anticipating.

At the earliest dawn, I was stirring. As I passed forth into the street, the air struck damp and cold upon my face, causing me to shiver.—I was about turning back for an overcoat, when the thought of going a Maying buttoned up to the chin in a heavy surtout presented itself as

so ridiculous, that I at once abandoned the thought.

A few squares distant lived Mary Weston.—When I called for her, she was all ready, dressed in spring attire, and we were soon on our way towards the place of meeting.

"Hadh't you better go back for a thicker shawl?" said I, after we had gone on a little way. The light silk scarf thrown round her shoulders I only then observed.

"O no; it will soon be warm enough," she replied.

As we passed from the city and came in sight of Jones's Falls, a heavy fog was seen filling the whole valley through which the stream flowed, as well as covering a portion of the surrounding hills; and the air we now breathed was colder and more heavily laden with vapor.

"Hadh't we better return?" said I. "The morning is too cold and damp."

"O no," answered my companion, gayly; "having once started, we musn't look back.—They'll laugh at us. It will be bright and warm as soon as the sun rises."

And as she spoke, I saw that her teeth were chattering.

On we hastened until we reached the bridge, where we found two of our party shivering in the humid air.

We tried to jest and be gay at meeting; but the attempt was a failure. Mutual inquiries were made for the rest of our friends, but none of us had seen them. After waiting and shivering in the cold for some fifteen or twenty minutes, we concluded that they had been wiser than we, and so determined that we would proceed onwards without them.

"Where shall we go?" was the next question.

"To Dr. Mann's place," suggested one. "There are plenty of flowers there."

So over the hill we scampered, to warm up our blood, and were soon at the beautiful country seat mentioned. By this time, the feet of our two young ladies were as completely saturated as if they had been dipped in water, and their dresses nicely draggled. Boldly clambering the fence, after trying the gate, and finding it securely fastened, we were proceeding in hot haste for a cluster of lilac bushes, when our course was suddenly arrested by the apparition of a man carrying a gun, which he immediately proceeded to level at us with as much coolness as if we had been so many birds. The running, screeching, and tumbling that immediately took place among the girls of our small party, it was painfully amusing to see and hear. As for us males, we retreated as deliberately and with as much dignity as the occasion would permit.

No lives were lost; but Mary Weston came off minus a shoe. On discovering this, I recrossed the fence in search of the missing article; upon seeing which, the man with the gun brought his instrument once more to

his shoulder. The girls screamed, and I paused.

"Off with you!" cried he of the gun, authoritatively.

"One of the ladies has lost her shoe," I cried back.

"I don't care! Clear out!" was returned.

"Confound it! The lady must have her shoe!" I responded, beginning to feel rather angry.

"Clear out, or I'll shoot," was answered to this.

"Shoot and be hanged to you!" said I, advancing.

The man swore, and blustered, and threatened; but my blood was up, and so I paid no more attention to him. The sequel was, I found the slipper, and he didn't shoot. I learned from pretty good authority, afterwards, that his gun was not loaded.

"Oh, dear, let's go home!" sighed the poor girls, who were in a sorry condition.

"Not until we get some flowers. It will never do to return until we get our May flowers," objected we.

So, after some persuasion, we induced our young ladies to go with us over to the York road, and along that turnpike for about a quarter of a mile, when a nice little garden, with its clusters of lilac and snowball bushes, and its beds of daffodils and crocuses met our eager eyes. A large barn hid, at one point of the road, the neat dwelling from view, and from this point it was decided that we should make an entrance, and abstract from the garden a few floral treasures, to prevent them wasting their sweetness on the desert air. While the girls stood on the roadside, we were to commit our depredations.

I entered first, and proceeded noiselessly for the lilac bushes, while my companion made his way to where a few garden flowers were peeping forth. With one eye upon a portion of the dwelling in view, and the other on the lilac bushes, I went on cautiously, and soon gained the place I sought. Unmolested, I broke off large bunches of flowers. Just as I was about moving away, I was startled by a heavy bark and deep growl at a short distance; and, glancing in that direction, I was not very agreeably affected at seeing a savage-looking bull-terrier approaching with eager bounds.

You may be sure that no grass grew under my feet as I hurried back towards a place of safety. At every step, the dog gained on me, his fierce "Bow, wow, wow!" startling the echoes for a quarter of a mile around.

I quickened my pace. The fence was near, but the dog was only a few feet behind. Just as I laid my hands on this welcome barrier, the savage beast drove his teeth into one of my legs. A single bound, and I was in the road; but in the dog's mouth was a long strip of blood-stained cloth, which he had torn from my nether garments.

You need not suppose we lingered long in that particular location. The girls were as much frightened as before, while I was bleeding

and in pain. As soon as we had retired to a safe distance from the scene of this last adventure, we paused, in order that I might bandage with handkerchiefs my lacerated limb, and also hide, while doing this, the fearful rent which my pantaloons had suffered.

In the excitement of the moment, I had dropped my lilacs; so we were still without our May flowers. Up to this time, the sun had not shown his welcome face, and the air was still loaded with fog. And now the rain began to come down in a fine, penetrating mist.

Slowly, silently, and sorrowfully we were moving back towards the city, when the young man who was in company stopped suddenly, and said—

"Can't go back in this way. Came out for flowers, and don't mean to return without them. Never like to be beat."

"There are some dogwood flowers," I remarked, pointing to a tree standing at some distance on the edge of a wood.

"As good as anything else. Flowers are flowers!" and away he started.

In no very pleasant frame of body or mind, we stood awaiting his return, while the falling rain increased.

At last, each of us possessed a branch well covered with white dogwood blossoms, the crowning glory of our Maying expedition; and, with these our trophies, turned our faces homeward, and pushed forward with a right good will.

Shall I describe our appearance? No; I will leave that to your fruitful imagination, and that will tell you that we cut a figure.

Recrossing the bridge, we hurried forward, the driving rain falling faster and faster, and penetrating our garments deeper and deeper. At the mill, just beyond the bridge, two lads espied us in our sorry plight—I limping upon my bandaged and bloody leg, and the girls holding up their dragged skirts, while each one of us clutched a branch of dogwood covered with blossoms.

"Look, Bill!" cried one of these young scamps; "look! look!"

"Ha! ha!" roared the one called Bill; "ha! ha! been a Maying!"

"All that for dogwood flowers!" said the first speaker. "They must love flowers, Bill!"

"Ho! ho!" laughed Bill, in response to this.

As fast as possible hurried we by these young unscrupulous critics, and were soon on the verge of the hill overlooking the city, where we paused for a moment.

"Well said—all this for dogwood flowers!" I muttered between my teeth, teasing my May blooms from me with an air of contempt.

Silently my companions followed my example, and then we silently resumed our journey. By this time we were completely drenched with rain.

Over all the particulars of our entrance into the city, permit me to draw a veil. They might amuse you a little, but I rather think I will leave them untold.

"All this for dogwood blossoms!" said I to Mary Weston, as I parted with her at her own

door. She smiled faintly, and glided from my view.

"All this for dogwood blossoms!" I sighed, as I entered my own chamber, and proceeded to remove my wet and torn clothing, and to ex-

amine my bitten leg. The wound, though it bled a good deal, was not as serious as I had thought. Still, it was bad enough to cause a temporary lameness.

I have never been a Maying since.

THE CHAMBER OF THE AGED MOTHER.

There she sits, that aged woman, in the dim chamber, lighted by its solitary window. The snows of seventy-six winters have frosted her temples, and palsied her frame; yet there she sits day by day, childless and alone. No gentle daughter near to anticipate her wants; no loving son to speak the words of filial hope and cheer.

You enter and break the solitude. It is a comfortable apartment; the arrangements are tasteful, though ancient. There in that corner stands the cozy bed, surmounted with its snowy counterpane. There is the chest of drawers, with its green baize covering; there the antique rocking chair, its occupant awaying gently to and fro; there the little table, piled with books, magazines and newspapers, for within the little chamber the world's great pulse finds a responsive throb; there are pictures on the wall, and in its little nook a sacred relic—the staff on which her dear husband leaned through many weary years, and who long since preceded her to that rest for which she is waiting; here is a plate of refreshments also, served by those hands which never shrank from toil, and which even now prefer to minister to the wants of decrepid age, tottering upon the confines of the tomb. The atmosphere is becoming oppressive; you feel a weight creeping about your heart; your eyes grow dim, and you turn aside to hide the tears which are dropping silently and stealthily.

You look back through the vista of years—you hear the silver tones of childhood ringing forth a peal of merry laughter; you see a fair-haired child, with a mother's kiss yet warm upon its cheek; then a bright-eyed maiden, blooming with grace and beauty; next a happy bride, radiant and lovely as the first blush of Spring.

Years pass on. You see a comely matron with a group of cherished buds and blossoms gathered round her—a mother's pride beaming from her eye, which has scarce lost its brilliancy—a mother's hope beating at her heart. Still, time flies. Gray hairs are beginning to mingle with those dark, brown locks, and furrows are distinctly visible on that once youthful brow. The band is scattered. Other hearts beat in unison, and other homes shelter the loved ones of that little flock. The aged couple are passing down the western slope of life, and soon the cherished husband and revered father sinks peacefully to his last rest. One by one the children follow, and tenant the great churchyard. All are gone save two, and those are exiles from the parent home.

Night has spread her sable mantle over all,

and you woo that friend of man, sweet, soothing slumber. But it comes not at your bidding. The light is streaming from the solitary casement; your heart is within the little chamber; there sits the fair-haired child, the bright-eyed maiden, the blooming bride, the comely matron, the gray haired mother, *alone, alone!* You leave your sleepless couch, to go out and weep beneath the holy stars; to wonder if it shall be *thus* with your gray hairs; if the little, prattling boy on your knee, who twines his arms so lovingly about your neck, and lisps the name of *mother* in soft, endearing accents, will not *then* be near, to support the tottering steps of second childhood—if the fair, half-grown daughters who now seek to lighten your burden of toil, and look so sad and troubled if mother is ill, or weary, will not *then*, by their tender ministrations, brighten the evening of your life, and smooth your pathway to the tomb. The goal is reached; the coveted rest is at hand; the portals are unclosing; the crown is waiting for that aged mourner; the dim eyes are closed; the quivering lips are sealed; the palsied limbs are straightened for their last repose, and the freed spirit has left its mortal prison-house forever.

TO A FRIEND.

"I bring to thee, with trembling hand,
My silent lyre."

I have laid my silent lyre
At thy feet.

I can never more aspire
The Promethean theft of fire
To repeat.

There's a spell of deeper tone
Than the lute;
On my saddened ear alone
Falls its music, and mine own
Must be mute.

Then forget the silent strings,
If thou wilt;—
They are sadly broken things,
But their dying echo rings
Not to guilt.

THE history of the heart of a man of genius is of as great importance, and is as much, the property of his posterity, as the history of his mind: the emotions are the nurses of the faculties, and the first home is the sanctuary in which they are created and reared.

THE GHOST DISCOVERED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

In 1806, there lived at Paris a celebrated man who professed, even to fanaticism, the worship of his native country. This was Dr. Bayle, physician in ordinary to the emperor Napoleon. The Doctor was born in a little village of the lower Alps, called Pernet; and when the duties of his profession permitted, he abandoned his rich patronage, and the sumptuous imperial residence, to go and live some days with the good peasants, his own comrades, under the modest roof where he was born. There, during the winter, the mountains and valleys are covered with snow, the torrent becomes mute, and one only hears, at long intervals, a hardy white-breasted blackbird, whistling from the top of a juniper. No human being ventures across the fields: beasts and men often shelter themselves together in stables, where they pass eight entire months in the most perfect intimacy and harmony.

The arrival of the good Doctor was hailed by all the inhabitants of the valley as a happy event. His kindred, even to the fifth degree, hastened to see him from all parts of the country, each accompanied by some invalid, who came to ask health of the illustrious physician.

When this flood of visitors had a little subsided, the Doctor divided his time into two parts. The days he devoted to study, the evenings to his friends. One evening in December, near Christmas, the assembly of friends was more numerous than usual; the snow was falling without, and all was dark. Suddenly, the door opened, and a youth of the village entered. The new comer first shook the snow from his hat, he then laid aside his *caban*, (that is the name the herdsmen of the lower Alps have always given their mantles), and saluted with these words—a local formula:—"God be with you! Good evening, Monsieur le Docteur, and all the company."

"Good evening, Peter," replied the Doctor; "it seems there is bad weather out of doors."

"So bad," answered Peter, "that—without offence to the company—if you had not been here, I should not have come. I should have stayed with our sheep. Had it not been for you," added he, with some embarrassment, "I should have been afraid."

"How without me?" asked M. Bayle. "It seems I was too far from you to give you courage."

"The fact is," replied Peter, "the night is so dark one can hardly see two steps before one. I came almost groping my way, when, before the house of Master Remusat, I perceived something like a light; one would have said it was a female, clothed in white. At first I was frightened; then I recollected that you had often explained to us how the lights that the wood-choppers and country people take for ghosts are often produced by rotten wood; so I walked right up to it, and found it was the great trunk

of a dead tree placed before the door, which had frightened me so."

"And if you had not approached it boldly," said the Doctor, "you would have recounted to your children and grandchildren, that you had encountered in your youth a ghost, before the house of M. Remusat."

"With regard to ghosts, then, Monsieur le Docteur, you do not believe it true that the dead come back?"

"As a Christian and a man of sense, no: I do not believe it. But you, Peter! are you not ashamed to retain a doubt on this subject?"

"Saving your presence, Monsieur Bayle," cried an old woman who was spinning at a wheel in the corner, "you are wrong to talk in this way to the young. My poor father—God rest his soul!—was just like you; he did not believe in ghosts; but one night, as he entered the church alone, he saw two great spirits fly around the altar many times; they even spoke to him, in a voice like that of a little child; but he could not understand what they said. My father returned trembling to the house, and so much afraid, poor man, that he was deadly pale. After that, it was needless to say there were no ghosts."

"My poor Margaret," replied the Doctor; "it is too late now to convince you of your mistake, and I shall not undertake it. But, without offence to your father, I must tell these young people that the poor dead man had drank more than one cup, when he fancied he saw all that he related to you, and I am very sure that it was spirits of wine, rather than ghostly spirits, which made him turn so pale."

"What do you say, then?" replied the old woman angrily; "dare you this evening, at the holy hour of Christmas, go alone, and without a light, to walk in the church?"

"I will go, certainly; why should I not? There are no thieves in the country. What should I fear?"

"Ghosts, Monsieur Bayle, ghosts!" cried the old woman. "It is impossible that it can be agreeable to encounter a ghost. My poor father—Heaven rest his soul!—was like you."

"Let me go," cried M. Bayle, impatiently, "I see that to convince you one must act. Only tell me what you wish me to bring back, to prove that I have been in the church."

"Oh, a very little thing," said, in a tone half jesting, half earnest, a peasant, who till then had remained silent, and who was no other than the bell-ringer of the village. "Here is the key of the church; open the door, go straight to the main altar, which is opposite to the door, and pass behind it. In groping about with your hands, you will find a hole; at the bottom of that hole there is a human skull. They say doctors have no fear of such things; if you will bring that skull, we shall indeed see that you have been in the church."

"Certainly, I will bring it, and perhaps a good

cold besides, to cure you all of two evils of which people rarely get cured—fear and prejudice," murmured M. Bayle. He put on a thick cloak, and prepared to set out. As he was upon the door-sill, old Margaret cried out:—

"Believe me, Monsieur Bayle, better unsay your words than make a bad bargain—remain at home." But without listening more, he shrugged up his shoulders, and disappeared. The Doctor entered the church and had no difficulty in finding the hole behind the altar. He plunged his arm into the opening, reached the head, drew it towards him, and seized it with both hands. At the same moment, it seemed to him that he heard a low and plaintive sound. He attributed this to a grating produced by the bone in contact with the stone. When he was in the middle of the church the same sound was reproduced, more distinctly and painfully than at first. "It is an owl," said the Doctor to himself, and he went out. To shut the door, he laid the head upon the ground, and when he had turned the key in the lock, he stooped down. No sooner had he taken up the head, than he heard the same sound repeated. This surprised him greatly, but he said to himself immediately, "That plaintive sound does not proceed from this inert body. From what place then does it come?" And in walking he listened attentively to the sound of his steps to discover the effect of his least movements. Soon no doubt remained; two moans were heard simultaneously, and this time, he was sure that they came out of the skull. His science revolted at first against the evidence. "There must be," said he to himself, "organs, to produce the articulate sounds that I hear, and there are no living organs in this insensible bone." He shook the head between his clenched hands, and heard nothing. He calculated its weight, and found that to be nothing extraordinary. He now felt assured of the absurdity. He repeated, "I must have been deceived. These noises were only in my imagination." His conviction, however, was of short duration. The plaintive cries succeeded each other rapidly three times more, and doubt became impossible. I have said that the Doctor was superstitious, and now, under the influence of a vague terror, he was incapable of reasoning and seeking out the natural causes of this strange noise. He reproached himself for his pride in the presence of his friends. He thought this might be a miracle to humble his vanity. His forehead was covered with sweat, his legs trembled, and it seemed to him that he was nailed to the place and could not walk a step. At last, he returned to the house. The door was opened. His friends were waiting for him. He entered. At his appearance the silent assembly trembled. He was deadly pale, and his fixed look had something frightful in it. When he was in the middle of the room, he laid down the skull; at the same moment, a double cry was heard from it, and the Doctor fell fainting. His friends now became terrified. The old bell-ringer alone remained unmoved, and came forward to the aid of M. Bayle, who was slowly recovering. His first words were—

"The head?"

"It is there, Monsieur."

"Have you heard that noise?"

"Certainly."

"What then is there in that skull?" murmured M. Bayle.

"Probably a nest of bats; there has been one in it every year," responded the old bell-ringer.

M. Bayle rallied; but the villagers dare not approach. He took the skull into his hands, and thrusting his fingers into the occipital opening, he drew out some fragments of straw, and old linen rags; it was the nest of two young bats, which presently appeared, and being too feeble to fly, fell heavily upon the ground, flapping their little wings.

"Behold the ghost!" said Doctor Bayle. "You see it, my poor friends; yet I, for a moment, even I, was afraid."

SAGACITY OF THE GREAT NORTHERN BEARS.—

On one occasion, a bear was seen to swim cautiously to a rough piece of ice, on which two female walrus were lying asleep with their cubs. The wily animal crept up some hummocks behind the party, and with its fore-feet loosened a large block of ice: this with the help of his nose and paws, he rolled and carried until immediately over the heads of the sleepers, when he let it fall on one of the old animals, which was instantly killed. The other walrus with its cubs rolled into the water; but the younger one of the stricken females remained by its dam; on this helpless creature the bear now leaped down, and thus completed the destruction of two animals which it would not have ventured to attack openly. . . . The stratagems practised in taking large seal are not much less to be admired. These creatures are remarkably timid, and for that reason always lie to bask or sleep on the very edge of the pieces of floating ice, so that on the slightest alarm they can by one roll tumble themselves into their favorite element. They are exceedingly restless, constantly moving their head from side to side, and sleeping by very short naps. As with all wild creatures, they turn their attention to the direction of the wind, as if expecting danger from that quarter. The bear, on seeing his intended prey, gets quietly into the water, and, swims until he is leeward of him, from whence, by frequent short dives, he silently makes his approaches, and so arranges his distance, that at the last dive he comes up to the spot where the seal is lying. If the poor animal attempts to escape by rolling into the water, he falls into the bear's clutches; if on the contrary he lies still, his destroyer makes a powerful spring, kills him on the ice, and devours him at his leisure.—*King's Narrative.*

SOLITUDE can be well applied, and sit right upon but very few persons. They must have knowledge enough of the world to see the follies of it; and virtue enough to despise all vanity.

WONDERS OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

The atmosphere forms a spherical shell surrounding the earth to a depth which is unknown to us, by reason of its growing tenuity, as it is released from the pressure of its own superincumbent mass. Its upper surface cannot be nearer to us than fifty, and can scarcely be more remote than five hundred miles. It surrounds us on all sides, yet we see it not: it presses on us with a load of fifteen pounds on every square inch of surface of our bodies, or from seventy to one hundred tons on us all, yet we do not so much as feel its weight. Softer than the finest down—more impalpable than the finest gossamer—it leaves the cobweb undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the slightest flower that feeds on the dew it supplies; yet it bears the fleets of nations on its wings around the world, and crushes the most refractory substances with its weight. When in motion, its force is sufficient to level the most stately forests and stable buildings with the earth—to raise the waters of the ocean into ridges like mountains, and dash the strongest ships to pieces like toys. It warms and cools by turns the earth and the living creatures that inhabit it. It draws up vapors from the sea and land, retains them dissolved in itself or suspended in cisterns of clouds, or throws them down again as rain or dew when they are required. It bends the rays of the sun from their path to give us the twilight of evening and of dawn—it disperses and refracts their various tints to beautify the approach and the retreat of the orb of day. But for the atmosphere, sunshine would burst on us and fail us at once—and at once remove us from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscape—no clouds to shade us from the scorching heat—but the bald earth as it revolved on its axis would turn its tanned and weathered front to the full and unmitigated rays of the lord of day. It affords the gas which vivifies and warms our frames, and receives into itself that which had been polluted by use, and is thrown off as noxious. It feeds the flame of life exactly as it does that of the fire—it is in both cases consumed, and affords the food of consumption—in both cases it becomes combined with charcoal, which requires it for combustion, and is removed by it when this is over.

"It is only the girdling, encircling air," says a writer in the *North British Review*, "that flows above and around us, that makes the whole world kin. The carbonic acid with which to-day our breathing fills the air, to-morrow seeks its way round the world. The date trees that grow round the falls of the Nile, will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it to add to their stature; the cocoa-nuts of Tahiti will grow rapidly upon it; and the palms and bananas of Japan will change it into flowers. The oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehanna, and the great trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon—the giant rhododen-

drons of the Himalayas contributed to it, and the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon tree of Ceylon, and the forests older than the flood, buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the Mountains of the Moon. The rain we see descending was thawed for us out of the icebergs which have watched the Polar star for ages; and the lotus lilies have soaked up from the Nile and exhaled as vapor snows, that rested on the summits of the Alps."

"The atmosphere," says Maun, "which forms the outer surface of the habitable world, is a vast reservoir, into which the supply of food designed for living creatures is thrown—or, in one word, it is itself the food in its simple form of all living creatures. The animal grinds down the fibre and the tissue of the plant, or the nutritious store that has been laid up within its cells, and converts these into the substance of which its own organs are composed. The plant acquires the organs and nutritious store thus yielded up as food to the animal, from the invulnerable air surrounding it. But animals are furnished with the means of locomotion and of seizure—they can approach their food, and lay hold of and swallow it; plants must await till their food comes to them. No solid particles find access to their frames; the restless, ambient air, which rushes past them loaded with the carbon, the hydrogen, the oxygen, the water—everything they need in shape of supplies—is constantly at hand to minister to their wants, not only to afford them food in due season, but in the shape and fashion in which alone it can avail them."

THE WITTY FORTUNE-TELLER.

A fortune-teller was arrested at his theatre of divination, at the corner of the Rue de Bussy, in Paris, and carried before the tribunal of correctional police. "You know how to read the future?" said the president, a man of great wit, but too fond of a joke for a magistrate. "I do, M. le President," replied the sorcerer. "In this case said the judge, 'you know the judgment we intend to pronounce?' "Certainly." "Well, what will happen to you?" "Nothing." "You are sure of it?" "You will acquit me." "Acquit you?" "There is no doubt of it." "Why?" "Because, sir, if it had been your intention to condemn me, you would not have added irony to misfortune." The president, disconcerted, turned to his brother judges, and the sorcerer was acquitted.

ADVERSITY exasperates fools, defeats cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and ingenious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious. Much may be said in favour of adversity; but the worst of it is, it has no friends.

THE MISSION OF SUFFERING.

BY E. J. C.

When the sharp bodily pain comes, it comes according to God's law: indicating both the disease and the nature of the healing agencies we are to employ, if we would remove it. We complain of the pain, it may be; and, overlooking its beneficent mission, wonder why it is that Providence deals so hardly with us. With the great body, called Humanity, it is the same. For, in the Creator's wise plan, all the suffering that we see and deplore, in nations, in communities, and in individuals, is, in one way and another, carrying on Christ's work of "healing the nations," the communities, the individuals, of the ignorance, error and sin, through which the suffering, either directly or indirectly, comes. Thus, out of the carnage and all the horrors of war, Peace rises, white-robed, and with the expressive olive-branch in her hand. She goes from door to door, from land to land. She will not be stayed in her mission; will not once cease to hold up the olive-branch before the eyes of men, *because she has looked upon such horrors and cannot forget them.* And she will go on, until, in the fullness of times, her work is finished, so that "men shall go to war no more."

Liberty has her zeal renewed often, by the sounds of the lash, by the cries of such as are oppressed, and by looking into the hold of the slave-ships.

Temperance started out, holding aloft the white banner inscribed with the fountain, because she could not sit longer, looking on the deep poverty, the degradation and ruin, caused by drunkenness. Better governments will come, by-and-by, when it fairly gets into the great, slow brain of Humanity how the selfish old monarchies hinder and oppress her.

By-and-by, too, shall come, in the old, far-off lands and in our own, a safer and more righteous distribution of the lands and other goods and portions dealt out by our common mother, Earth. This shall come, if Fourier's name is not once named amongst us, or his system once thought of. For out of the overmuch on one side, shall proceed more and more idleness, prodigality, and all manner of riotous living, that shall drag down fathers, and, sadder still, sons, in whom the hope of the country and of the home lies. Good and thoughtful men of all conditions shall see this; shall see, moreover, that, on the other hand, all manner of outrage and degradation are daily and nightly coming of the sore poverty, the sore and far-spreading want. And thus shall the good and thoughtful men—an ever-increasing company—see to the channels through which wealth flows. They shall, by careful and just means, widen and multiply those that carry it to the hard-handed producers, "the hewers of wood and drawers of water." So that they shall be lifted out of the dark places; and each shall bring his brother with him. And neither

shall the rich be brought low; but they shall be truly exalted, by seeing and understanding what are the true uses of wealth; that these are not to enervate men and to make the wise foolish, but to fill the whole earth with comfort and beauty, so that, in all the highways and byways, "it shall blossom as the rose."

Surely it is a grateful thing, for those who love God, who love to see all His ways justified, being able to look at the suffering in their own path and in the path of so many besides, in this soft light of Heaven's mercy and good will to men. It must give them patience to wait for the evil to go, for the good to come; and diligence at the same time, in the slow and oft-times disheartening work of diffusing light and peace.

THE DYING MOTHER.

We were weeping round her pillow,
For we knew that she must die;
It was night within our bosoms—
It was night upon the sky.

There were seven of us children,
I the oldest one of all;
So I tried to whisper comfort,
But the blinding tears would fall.

On my knees my little brother
Leaned his aching brow and wept;
And my sister's long black tresses
O'er my heaving bosom swept.

The shadow of an awful fear
Came o'er me as I trod
To lay the burden of our grief
Before the throne of God.

"O, be kind to one another!"
Was my mother's pleading prayer,
As her hand lay like a snow-flake
On the baby's golden hair.

Then a glory bound her forehead,
Like the glory of a crown,
And in the silent sea of death
The star of life went down.

Her latest breath was born away
Upon that loving prayer,
And the hand grew heavier, paler,
In the baby's golden hair.

ALICE CAREY.

STEAM.—At a railway station, an old lady said to a very pompous looking gentleman who was talking about steam communication, "Pray, sir, what is steam?" "Steam, ma'am, is—ah! steam is—eh! ah!—steam is—steam!" "I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow, standing by,—"but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

WHITE OR BARN OWL.

The most common observer cannot fail to remark that there is a very considerable affinity between the falcon (*faldo*) and owl (*strix*) genus of birds. Owls may indeed be regarded as a sort of nocturnal hawks; differing from them, as Linnæus remarked, much in the same way that the moth differs from the butterfly. Ornithologists enumerate eighty species of owls; but they admit that the number actually known is less numerous; the same bird, under a changed aspect, having in some instances been set down as a distinct species. The following may be stated as the characteristics in which they all agree. The bill is crooked, as in the falcons, but is not usually furnished with a cere; the nostrils are oblong, and covered with bristly feathers; the head is large, and so are the eyes and the openings of the ears; the tongue is divided; the toes are placed three before and one behind, the exterior toe capable of being occasionally bent backward; the exterior edge of one or more of the greater quills is serrated in most of the species. There are a few species which can see in the daytime, and are in the habit of then taking their prey; but owls are generally nocturnal birds, most of them seeking their prey by night, or rather in the twilight, at which time, or in the grey of the morning, they appear to distinguish objects best.—There is no evidence that they can see when the night is very dark; the time, therefore, allowed them to hunt for prey is very limited, except on moonlight or other favorable nights, when they may be observed to seek their prey from night to morning. Limited as their time of providing for their wants usually is, they enjoy advantages which enable them to receive an adequate provision in a comparatively short time. In the hour when the owls seek their prey, the small animals and birds on which they feed are disabled from taking proper care of their own safety by flight or concealment, in consequence of that very want of full light which gives to the owl its perfect vision; and besides this, the quill-feathers of owls are in general so light and downy, and their flight is consequently attended with so little noise, that the objects of their pursuit have almost as little warning of their approach through the sense of hearing as through that of sight. Some owls, that are not properly qualified for it, venture abroad in the day-time, particularly in the winter season, and may be seen followed and surrounded by small birds, who seem aware of the disadvantage under which their enemy then appears, and although they will not venture to attack him, seldom let slip so favorable an opportunity of insulting and abusing him with impunity. It is observed that owls, as well as falcons, bring up the indigestible part of their food, such as hair, feathers, bones, &c., at intervals, in the form of large, round pellets or balls, which are to be found everywhere in the neighborhood of their retreats.

The beautiful species represented in our woodcut is the common white or barn owl, techni-

cally called by some naturalists *strix flammea*, and by others *aluco flammea*, the former, however, being the most general denomination. Its usual weight is eleven ounces, length between thirteen and fourteen inches, and breadth across the extended wings three feet. The downy softness and remarkable elegance of the plumage of this owl are entitled to more admiration than they seem to have obtained. Superstition on the one hand, and the commonness of the bird on the other, seem to have prevented the beauty of the white owl from being duly appreciated. We shall not minutely describe the appearance of so common a bird; but may observe that the plumage is generally of a reddish-yellow color with grey variegations, having black and white spots down the shafts of the feathers, and the breast and belly white, sometimes yellowish, and occasionally marked by a few blackish or dusky spots. The bill is straight to near the tip, instead of being arched from base to point, as in the other species. The large eyes, the irides of which vary from nearly black to yellow, are surrounded by a large circle of soft white feathers; but the ruff is edged by a rufous or chestnut verge intermixed with white. The legs are feathered to the toes, which are covered with fine hair.

This species, with some variation from climate, is very extensively diffused over the world. It is well known in different parts of Asia, and in both North and South America; Le Vaillant says it is common at the Cape of Good Hope, where it is necessitated to make its nest among the rocks, from the want of barns and other old buildings, which it naturally prefers.

White owls become exceedingly tame when taken young; but they will not bear confinement if they have attained their full growth in a state of freedom; it is also difficult to support them in a state of confinement on account of their continual demand for fresh mice; whereas the young of the brown owl will eat indifferently everything that is brought to them; snails, rats, kittens, puppies, or any kind of carrion or offal.

Inoffensive to man as these birds usually are, it is by no means safe to meddle with their young, to which, in common with other owls, they manifest a strong degree of attachment. Instances are on record of their inflicting serious injuries even on persons whom they suspected of evil intentions against their young. For an illustration of this, we may turn to the "Gentleman's Magazine," among the news of which, for 1765, we find the following:—"A carpenter passing through a field near Gloucester, was attacked by an owl that had a nest of young ones in a tree near the path. The owl flew at his head, and the man striking at it with a tool which he had in his hand, missed his blow, upon which the owl repeated the attack, and, with her talons fastened on his face, tore out one of his eyes, and scratched him in the most shocking manner."

THE GOOD TIME COMING.*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90.]

CHAPTER XIV.

"You had a visitor this afternoon," said Mr. Markland, as he sat conversing with his wife and daughter, soon after his arrival from the city.

"I believe not," returned Mrs. Markland.

"O, yes. I met a gentleman coming from this direction, and he said that he had been here."

"A gentleman? Who?"

"Our new neighbor, Mr. Willet."

"I did not know that he called."

"He may only have inquired for me at the door," said Mr. Markland. "I wish you had seen him."

"What kind of a man does he appear to be?" asked Mrs. Markland.

"My first impressions are favorable. But there is a singular fact in regard to his appearance in our neighborhood."

Mrs. Markland and Fanny looked up curiously.

"I have been very much worried, since my return," and Mr. Markland's eyes rested on his daughter, as he said this. The change that instantly passed over her face, a little surprised him. Her eyes fell under his gaze, and the crimson blood rose to her forehead.

"What has worried you?" tenderly inquired Mrs. Markland.

"I met with a strange rumor in the city."

"About what?"

"About Mr. Lyon."

Mrs. Markland's whole manner changed, her usual quiet aspect giving place to strongly manifested interest. Her eyes, as well as those of her husband, turned towards Fanny, who, by partial aversion, sought to hide from close observation her suffused countenance.

"What of Mr. Lyon?" asked Mrs. Markland.

"At least two persons have affirmed quite positively, that they saw Mr. Lyon, as well in the city as in this neighborhood, on the day before yesterday," said Mr. Markland.

The color suddenly receded from the face of his wife, who looked half-frightened at so unexpected an announcement. Fanny turned herself farther away from observation.

"Saw Mr. Lyon! Can it be possible he did not go South at the time he said that he would leave?" Mrs. Markland's voice was troubled.

"He went, of course," was the cheerful, confident answer of Mr. Markland.

"You are sure of it?"

"O, yes!"

"How do you explain the mystery, if it may so be called?"

"After hours of doubt, perplexity, and uneasiness, I met the man himself."

"Not Mr. Lyon?"

Fanny started at her father's announcement, and partly turned towards him a face that was now of a pallid hue.

"No; not Mr. Lyon," said Mr. Markland, in answer to his wife's ejaculation, "but a person so nearly resembling him, that, for a few moments, even I was deceived."

"How singular! Who was the man?"

"Our new neighbor, Mr. Willet."

"Why, Edward! That is remarkable."

"Yes, it is really so. I had just parted from Mr. Allison, who was certain of having seen Mr. Lyon in this neighborhood, on the day before yesterday, when I met Mr. Willet. I can assure you that I was startled when my eyes first rested upon him. For a few moments, pulsation was suspended. A nearer approach corrected my error. And a brief conversation with our new neighbor, gave me a strong prepossession in his favor."

Before this sentence was completed, Fanny had risen up, and gone quietly from the room. For a few moments after her departure, the father's and mother's eyes rested upon the door through which her graceful form had vanished. Then they looked at each other, sighed, and were silent.

The moment Fanny was beyond the observation of her parents, wings seemed added to her feet, and she almost flew to her chamber.

"Bless the child! What's the matter! She looks frightened to death!" exclaimed aunt Grace, who met her on the way, and she followed her quickly. But, when she tried to open the chamber door, she found it locked within.

"Fanny! Fanny, child!" she rattled at the lock, as she thus called the name of her niece.

But no sound came from within.

"Fanny! Fanny!"

The sound of feet was on the floor.

"Fanny!"

"What is wanted, aunt?" said a low, husky voice, close to the door within. It did not seem like the voice of Fanny.

"I wish to see you for a few moments. Let me in."

"Not now, aunt Grace. I want to be alone," was answered, in the same altered voice.

"Mercy on us!" sighed aunt Grace, as she turned, disappointed and troubled, from the door of her niece. "What is coming over the house—and what ails the child? That dreadful Mr. Lyon is at the bottom of all this. O! I wish the ship that brought him over had sunk in the middle of the ocean. I knew he would

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by T. S. ARTHUR & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

bring trouble, the moment my eyes rested upon him; and it is here quicker than I expected."

Fanny, on entering her room, had fallen, half-fainting, across her bed. It required a strong effort to arouse herself and sufficiently command her voice to answer the call of her aunt and refuse to admit her. As soon as the latter had gone away, she staggered back to her bed, and again threw herself upon it, powerless, for the time, in mind as well as body. Never, before, had she concealed anything from her parents—never acted falsely, or with even a shadow of duplicity. Into what a fearful temptation had she suddenly fallen; and what a weight of self-condemnation, mingled with doubt and fear, pressed upon her heart. At the moment when she was about revealing all to her father, and thus ending his doubts, her purpose was checked by the unlooked-for announcement that a person so nearly resembling Mr. Lyon, as even for the moment to deceive her father, was in the neighborhood, checked the words that were rising to her lips, and sealed them, for the time, in silence. To escape from the presence of her parents, was her next impulse, and she obeyed it.

Fully half an hour passed before calmness was restored to the mind of Fanny, and she could think with any degree of clearness. From childhood, up to this period of her life, her mother had been her wise counsellor, her loving friend, her gentle monitor. She had leaned upon her in full confidence—had clung to her in weakness, as the vine to its strong support. And now, when she most needed her counsel, she shrunk from her, and feared to divulge the secret that was burning painfully into her heart. And yet, she did not purpose to keep her secret; for that, her reason and filial love both told her, was wrong; while all the time a low, sweet, almost sad voice, seemed murmuring in her ears—"Go to your mother!"

"I must, I will go to her!" she said, at last, firmly. "A daughter's footsteps must be moving along dangerous ways, if she fears to let her mother know the paths she is treading. O, mother!" and she clasped her hands almost wildly against her bosom. "My good, wise, loving mother!—how could I let a stranger come in between us, and tempt my heart from its truth to you for a moment! Yes, yes, you must know all, and this very hour."

Acting from this better state of mind, Fanny unlocked her door, and was passing along one of the passages in the direction of her mother's room, when she met aunt Grace.

"O! child! child! what is the matter with you?" exclaimed the aunt, catching hold of her, and looking earnestly into her pale face. "Come, now, tell me all about it—that's a dear, good girl."

"Tell you about what, aunt Grace?" said Fanny, with as much firmness as she could assume, trying, as she spoke, to disengage herself from the firm grasp with which she was held.

"About all this matter that troubles you. Why, dear me! you look just as if you'd come

out of a spell of sickness. What is it, dear? Now, do tell your aunty, who loves you just as well as if you were her own child. Do, love."

And aunt Grace tried to draw the head of Fanny close to her bosom. But her niece struggled to be free, answering as she did so:

"Don't question me now, aunt Grace, please. Only let me go to mother. I want to see her."

"She is not in her room," said Miss Markland.

"Are you certain?"

"O, yes. I have just come from there."

"Where is she, then?"

"In the library, with your father."

Without a word more, Fanny turned from her aunt, and gliding back to her own chamber, entered, and closed the door.

"O dear, dear, dear! What does all the child?" almost sobbed aunt Grace, wringing her hands together, as she stood with a bewildered air, gazing upon the door through which the form of her niece had just passed. "Something is the matter—something dreadful. And it all comes of Edward's foolish confidence in a stranger, that I could see, with half an eye, was not a man to be trusted."

For some minutes, Miss Markland remained standing as her niece had left her, trying to make up her mind to act in some decided way for the remedy of existing troubles.

"I'll just speak to Edward plainly about this business," she at length said, with considerable warmth of manner. "Shall I stand, with sealed lips, and witness such a sacrifice? No—no—no!"

And with nothing clearly settled or arranged in her thoughts, aunt Grace started for the library, with the intention of speaking out plainly to her brother. The opportunity for doing so, however, did not occur; for, on entering the library, she found it empty.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Markland was entirely satisfied. All doubt vanished from his mind. The singular resemblance of their new neighbor to Mr. Lyon, cleared up the whole mystery. It was Mr. Willet who had been mistaken for the young Englishman.

"If it were not so late," he said, glancing at the sun, as he stood in the porch, "I would go into the city and see Mr. Brainard. It is unfortunate that any doubtful questions in regard to Mr. Lyon should have intruded themselves upon him, and his mind should be disabused as quickly as possible. It is singular how positive some men are, right or wrong. Now, Lamar was almost ready to be sworn that he saw Mr. Lyon in the city day before yesterday, although he was, at the time, distant from him many hundreds of miles; and, but for my fortunate meeting with Willet this afternoon, his confident assertion of his belief would, in all probability, have caused the most disastrous consequences. From what light causes do most important events sometimes spring!"

On returning to her own apartment, the thoughts of Fanny began to flow in another

channel. The interest which the young stranger had awakened in her mind, was no fleeting impulse. His image, daguerretyped on her heart, no light breath could dim. That he was good and honorable, she believed; and, therefore, had faith in him. Yet, had his sudden appearance and injunction of silence disturbed her, as we have seen, very deeply. Her guileless heart shrunk from concealment, as if it were something evil. How bewildered were all her perceptions, usually so calm! A sense of relief had been felt, the instant she saw that her father's mind was no longer in doubt on the question of Mr. Lyon's return from the South—relief, that he was deceived in a matter which might involve the most serious consequences. But this feeling did not very long remain; and she became the subject of rapidly alternating states.

Fanny remained alone until the summons to tea startled her from a sad, half dreaming state of mind. Not to meet her father and mother at the tea-table, she saw, attract towards her a closer attention, than if she mingled with the family at their evening meal; and so she forced herself away from the congenial seclusion of her own apartment. As she took her place at the table, she was conscious that the eyes of her father and mother, as well as those of aunt Grace, were fixed scrutinizingly upon her; and she felt the blood growing warmer in her cheeks, and flushing her whole countenance. An unusual restraint marked the intercourse of all during their meal. Two or three times Mr. Markland sought to draw his daughter into a conversation; but she replied to his remarks in the briefest manner, and evidently wished to escape all notice.

"I'm really troubled about Fanny," said Mrs. Markland to her husband, as they sat looking out upon the fading landscape, as the twilight deepened.

"Where is she? I've not had a glimpse of her since tea."

"In her own room, I suppose, where she now spends the greater part of her time. She has become reserved, and her eyes grow moist, and her cheeks flush, if you speak to her suddenly."

"You must seek her confidence," said Mr. Markland.

"I want that without the apparent seeking," was answered. "She knows me as her truest friend, and I am waiting until she comes to me in the most unreserved freedom."

"But will she come?"

"O, yes! yes!"—was the confidently spoken answer. "Soon her heart will be laid open to me like the pages of a book, so that I can read all that is written there."

"Mr. Lyon awakened a strong interest in her feelings—that is clearly evident."

"Too strong; and I cannot but regard his coming to Woodbine Lodge, as a circumstance most likely to shadow all our future."

"I do really believe," said Mr. Markland, affecting a playful mood, "that you have a latent vein of superstition in your character."

"You may think so, Edward," was the seriously spoken answer; "but I am very sure,

that the concern now oppressing my heart, is far more deeply grounded than your words indicate. Who, beside Mr. Lamar, told you that he saw, or believed that he saw Mr. Lyon?"

"Mr. Allison."

"Mr. Allison!"

"Yes."

"Where did he see him?"

"He didn't see him at all," confidently answered Mr. Markland. "He saw Mr. Willet."

"He believes that the person he saw was Mr. Lyon."

"So did I, until a nearer approach convinced me that I was in error. If I could be deceived, the fact that Mr. Allison was also deceived, is by no means a remarkable circumstance."

"Was it in this neighborhood that he saw the person he believed to be Mr. Lyon?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Markland's eyes fell to the ground, and she sat, for a long time, so entirely abstracted, as almost to lose her consciousness of external things.

"The dew is rather heavy this evening," said her husband, arousing her by the words. She arose, and they went together into the sitting room, where they found all but Fanny. Soon after, Mr. Markland went to his library, and gave up his thoughts entirely to the new business in which he was engaged with Mr. Lyon. How golden was the promise that lured him on! He was becoming impatient to tread with swift feet the path to large wealth and honorable distinction that was opening before him. A new life had been born in his mind—it was something akin to ambition. In former times, business was regarded as the means by which a competency might be obtained; and he pursued it with this end. Having secured wealth, he retired from busy life, hoping to find ample enjoyment in the seclusion of an elegant rural home. But, already, restlessness had succeeded to inactivity, and now his mind was gathering up its latent strength for new efforts, in new and broader fields, and under the spur of a more vigorous impulse.

"Edward!" It was the low voice of his wife, and the soft touch of her hand that startled the dreaming enthusiast from visions of wealth and power that dazzled him with their brilliancy.

"Come, Edward, it is growing late," said his wife.

"How late?" he replied, looking up from the paper he had covered with various memoranda and clusters of figures.

"It is past eleven o'clock."

"That cannot be, Agnes. It is only a short time since I left the table."

"Full three hours. All have retired and are sleeping. Ah, my husband! I do not like this new direction your thoughts are taking. To me, there is in it a prophecy of evil to us all."

"A mere superstitious impression, Agnes, dear; nothing more, you may depend upon it. I am in the vigor of manhood. My mind is yet clear, strong, and suggestive—and my reason, I hope, more closely discriminating, as every man's,

should be with each added year of his life. Shall I let all these powers slumber in disgraceful inactivity? No, Agnes, it cannot, must not be."

Mr. Markland spoke with a fervid enthusiasm that silenced his wife—confusing her thoughts, but in no way inspiring her with confidence. Hitherto, he had felt desirous of concealing from her the fact that he was really entering into new business responsibilities; but now, in his confident anticipations of success, he divulged a portion of the enlarged range of operations in which he was to be an active co-worker.

"We have enough, Edward," was the almost mournfully uttered reply of Mrs. Markland—"why, then, involve yourself in business cares? Large transactions like these, bring anxious days and wakeful nights. They are connected with trouble, fatigue, disappointment, and, Edward! *sometimes, ruin!*"

Very impressively were the last words spoken; but Mr. Markland answered almost lightly—

"None of your imagined drawbacks have any terror for me, Agnes. As for the ruin, I shall take good care not to invite that by any large risks or imprudent speculations. There are few dangers for wise and prudent men, in any business. It is the blind who fall into the ditch—the reckless who stumble. You may be very certain that your husband will not shut his eyes in walking along new paths, nor attempt the navigation of unaccustomed seas without the most reliable charts."

To this, Mrs. Markland could answer nothing. But his words gave her no stronger confidence in the successful result of his schemes; for, well assured was she, in her perceptive Christian philosophy, that man's success in any pursuit was no accidental thing, nor always dependent on his own prudence. The ends he had in view, oftener determining the result, than any merit or defect in the means employed. So, the weight of concern which this new direction of her husband's active purpose had laid upon her heart, was in no way lightened by his confident assurances.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Markland went to the city early on the next morning. Fanny had not made her appearance when he left. This fact, at any other time, would have excited his attention, and caused an earnest enquiry as to the cause of her absence from the morning meal. But, now, his thoughts were too intently fixed on other things. He had suddenly become an aerial castle-builder, and all his mind was absorbed in contemplating the magnificent structures that were rising up at the creative touch of imagination.

Mr. Brainard, upon whom he called immediately upon his arrival in the city, was not so easily satisfied on the subject of Mr. Lyon's alleged return to the city. He happened to know Mr. Willet, and while he admitted that there was a general resemblance between the two men, did not consider it sufficiently striking to deceive any one as to the identity of either.

"But I was deceived," confidently asserted Mr. Markland.

"That is not so remarkable under the circumstances," was answered. "You had Lyon distinctly in your thought, from being most positively assured of his recent presence in your neighborhood, and when a stranger, bearing some resemblance to him, suddenly came in sight, I do not wonder that you were on the instant deceived. I might have been."

"I am sure of it. The likeness between the two men is remarkable."

"But Willet has no hair mole on his cheek; and to that mark, you will remember, Lamar particularly testified."

"The mark may only have been in his mind, and not on the face of the person he met. Believing it to be Mr. Lyon, he saw the hair mole, as well as the other peculiarities of his countenance."

"No such explanations can satisfy me," replied Mr. Brainard. "I have thought over the matter a great deal since I saw you, and my mind is pretty well made up to withdraw from this whole business while I am at liberty to do so, without pecuniary loss or any compromise of honor."

"And let such a golden opportunity pass!" said Markland, in a voice husky with disappointment.

"If you will," was calmly answered. "I am a firm believer in the 'bird in the hand' doctrine. There are a great many fine singers in the bush, but I want to see them safely caged before I neglect the door that shuts in the bird I possess already."

"But you surely cannot be in earnest about withdrawing from this business," said Markland.

"Very much in earnest. Since yesterday, I have turned the matter over in my mind constantly, and viewed it in many lights and from many positions; and my deliberate convictions are, that it is wisest for me to have nothing whatever to do with these splendid schemes, and if you will be governed by an old stager's advice, resolve to act likewise."

"When my hands are once fairly on the plough," answered Mr. Markland, "I never look back. Before engaging in any new business, I thoroughly examine its promise, and carefully weigh all the probabilities of success or failure. After my decision is made, I never again review the ground over which I travelled in coming to a decision, but pass onward with faith and vigor in the accomplishment of all that I have undertaken. More men are ruined by vacillation than from any other cause."

"My observation brings me to another conclusion," quietly returned Mr. Brainard. The earnest enthusiasm of the one, and the immovable coolness of the other, were finely contrasted.

"And what is that?" inquired Mr. Markland.

"Why, that more men are ruined by a blind perseverance in going the wrong way, than from any other cause. Were we infallible in judgment, it might be well enough to govern ourselves in all important matters on the principle

you indicate. But, as we are not like wise navigators, we should daily make new observations, and daily examine our charts. The smallest deviation from a right line will make an immense error in the course of a long voyage."

"Wise business men are in little danger of making errors," said Markland, confidently.

"A great many sad mistakes are made daily," returned Mr. Brainard.

"Not by wise men."

"If a man's projects succeed," was rejoined, "we applaud his sound business judgment—if they fail, we see the cause of failure so plainly, that we are astonished at his want of forethought in not seeing it at the beginning. But, sir, there's a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will. Success or failure, I am well convinced, do not always depend on the man himself."

"Is there no virtue, then, in human prudence?" asked Mr. Markland.

"I am not prepared to say how far we may depend on human prudence," replied the other; "but I know this, that if we fail to use it, we will fail in most of our undertakings. Human prudence must be exercised in all cases; but, too often, we let our confident hopes take the place of prudence, as I think you are doing now."

"But surely, Mr. Brainard," said Markland, in an earnest, appealing way, "you do not intend receding from this business?"

"My mind is fully made up," was answered.

"And so is mine," firmly replied Markland.

"To do what?"

"To take the whole interest myself."

"What?"

"To invest forty thousand dollars, instead of the proposed twenty, at once."

"You show strong faith, certainly."

"My faith, you may be sure, is well grounded. Mr. Fenwick has already put in that sum, and he is not the man to go blindly into any business. Apart from my own clear intuitions, founded on the most careful investigations, I would almost be willing to take risks in any schemes that Mr. Fenwick approved, in the substantial way of investment."

"A very different man am I," said Mr. Brainard. "Twenty years of sharp experience are sufficient to make me chary of substituting others' business judgment for my own."

"Ah, well!" returned Markland, his manner showing him to be disappointed and annoyed. "I cannot but regret your hasty decision in this matter. So far as it concerns myself, even if I saw cause to recede, which I do not, I am too far committed with both Fenwick and Lyon, to hesitate."

"Every man must decide in such cases for himself," said Brainard. "I always do. If you are fully assured in every particular, and have confidence in your men, your way is of course clear."

"It is clear," was confidently answered, "and I shall walk in it with full assurance of a successful end."

CHAPTER XVII.

It was some time after her father left for the city, before Fanny came down from her room. She was pale, and looked as if she had passed a sleepless night. Her mother's concerned inquiries were answered evasively, and it was very apparent that she wished to avoid question and observation.

Aunt Grace again sought, in her obtrusive way, to penetrate the mystery of Fanny's changed exterior, but was no more successful than on the preceding evening.

"Don't worry her with so many questions, sister," said Mrs. Markland, aside, to aunt Grace; "I will know all in good time."

"Your good time may prove a very bad time," was answered, a little sharply.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mrs. Markland, turning her eyes full upon the face of her companion.

"I mean that in any matter affecting so deeply a girl like Fanny, the mother's time for knowing all about it is now. Something is wrong, you may depend upon it."

At the commencement of this conversation, Fanny retired from the room.

"The child's mind has been disturbed by the unfortunate letter from Mr. Lyon. The something wrong goes not beyond this."

"Unfortunate! You may well say unfortunate. I don't know what has come over Edward. He isn't the same man that he was, before that foreign adventurer darkened our sunny home with his presence. Unfortunate! It is worse than unfortunate. Edward's sending that letter at all, was more a crime than a mistake. But as to the wrong in regard to Fanny, I am not so sure that it only consists in a disturbance of her mind."

There was a look of mystery, blended with anxious concern, in the countenance of aunt Grace, that caused Mrs. Markland to say quickly,

"Speak out what is in your thoughts, Grace. Have no concealments with me, especially on a subject like this."

"I may be over-suspicious—I may wrong the dear child—but—"

Aunt Fanny looked unusually serious.

"But what?" Mrs. Markland had grown instantly pale at the strange words of her husband's sister.

"John, the gardener, says that he saw Mr. Lyon on the day after Edward went to New York."

"Where?"

"Not far from here."

"Deceived as Edward was. John saw our new neighbor, Mr. Willet."

"Maybe so, and maybe not; and I am strongly inclined to believe in the maybe not. As for that Lyon, I have no faith in him, and never had, as you know, from the beginning. And I shouldn't be at all surprised if he were prowling about here, trying to get stolen interviews with Fanny."

"Grace! How dare you suggest such a thing?" exclaimed Mrs. Markland, with an

energy and indignation almost new to her character.

Grace was rather startled by so unexpected a response from her sister-in-law, and for a moment or two looked abashed.

"Better be scared than hurt, you know, Agnes," she replied, coolly, as soon as she had recovered herself.

"Not if scared by mere phantoms of our own diseased imaginations," said Mrs. Markland.

"There is something more solid than a phantom in the present case, I'm afraid. What do you suppose takes Fanny away so often, all by herself, to the Fountain Grove?"

"Grace Markland! What can you mean by such a question?" The mother of Fanny looked frightened.

"I put the question to you for answer," said Grace, coolly. "The time was, and that time is not very distant, when Fanny could scarcely be induced to go a hundred yards from the house, except in company. Now, she wanders away alone, almost daily; and if you observe the direction she takes, you will find that it is towards Fountain Grove. And John says that it was near this place that he met Mr. Lyon."

"Mr. Willet, you mean," said Mrs. Markland, firmly.

"None are so blind as those who will not see," retorted aunt Grace, in her impulsive way. "If any harm comes to the child, you and Edward will have none but yourselves to blame. Forewarned, forearmed, is a wise saying, by which you seem in no way inclined to profit."

Even while this conversation was in progress, the subject of it had taken her way to the sweet, retired spot where, since her meeting with Mr. Lyon, she had felt herself drawn daily, with an almost irresistible influence. As she passed through the thick, encircling grove that surrounded the open space where the beautiful summer-house stood, and the silvery waters sported among the statues, she was startled by a rustling noise, as of some one passing near. She stopped suddenly, her heart beating with a rapid motion, and listened intently. Was she deceived, or did her eyes really get uncertain glimpses of a form hurriedly retiring through the trees? For nearly a minute she stood almost as still as one of the marble figures that surrounded the fountain. Then, with slow, almost stealthy footsteps, she moved onward, glancing, as she did so, from side to side, and noting every object in the range of vision, with a sharp scrutiny. On gaining the summer-house, the first object that met her eyes was a folded letter, lying upon the marble table. To spring forward and seize it, was the work of an instant. It bore her own name, and in the now familiar hand of Lee Lyon!

A strong agitation seized upon the frame of the young girl, as she caught up the unexpected letter. It was some moments before her trembling fingers could break the seal and unfold the missive. Then her eyes drank in, eagerly, its contents:

"MY EVER DEAR FANNY:—Since our meeting at the fountain, I cannot say to you all that I would say in any letter under care to your father, and so I entrust this to a faithful messenger, who will see that it reaches your hands. I am now far to the South again, in the prosecution of most important business, the safe progress of which would be interrupted, and the whole large result endangered, were your father to know of my visit at Woodbine Lodge, at a time when he thought me hundreds of miles distant. So, for his sake, as well as my own, be discreet for a brief period. I will not long permit this burden of secrecy to lie upon your dear young heart—oh, no! I could not be so unjust to you. Your truest, best, wisest counsellor is your mother, and she should know all that is in your heart. Keep your secret only for a little while, and then I will put you in full liberty to speak of all that has just occurred. None will approve your discretion more than your parents, I know, when all the grave reasons for our concealment are disclosed. Dear Fanny! How ever-present to me you are. It seems, often, as if you were moving by my side. In lonely moments, how like far off, sweet music comes your voice stealing into my heart. Beloved one!"

A sudden sound of approaching feet caused Fanny to crumple the letter, scarcely half read, in her hand, and thrust it into her bosom. Turning towards the point from whence the noise came, she perceived the form of her mother, who was only a few paces distant. Mrs. Markland saw the letter in Fanny's hand, and also saw the motion of hasty concealment. When she entered the summer-house, where her daughter, who had risen up hurriedly, stood in the attitude of one suddenly alarmed, she marked with deep concern the agitated play of her countenance, and the half-guilty aversion of her eyes.

"My dear child!" she said, in a low, serious voice, as she laid a hand upon her, "what am I to understand by the singular change that has passed over you, and particularly by the strong disturbance of this moment? Why are you here alone? And why are you so startled at your mother's appearance?"

Fanny only bowed her face upon her mother's bosom, and sobbed violently.

As the wildness of her emotion subsided, Mrs. Markland said:—

"Speak freely to your best friend, my darling child! Hide nothing from one who loves you better than any human heart can love you."

But Fanny answered not, except by a fresh gush of tears.

"Have you nothing to confide to your mother?" inquired Mrs. Markland, in as calm a voice as she could assume, after waiting long enough for the heart of her daughter to beat with a more even stroke.

"Nothing," was answered, in a voice as calm as that in which the interrogation was asked.

"Nothing, Fanny? Oh, my child! Do not deceive your mother!"

Fanny drew her slight form up into something of a proud attitude, and stood for an instant looking at her mother almost defiantly. But this was only for an instant. For scarcely was the position assumed, ere she had flung

herself forward, again sobbing violently, into her arms.

But, for all this breaking down of her feelings, Fanny's lips remained sealed. She was not

yet prepared to give up her lover's secret—and did not do so.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DELUSIONS ABOUT GENIUS.

It is a common mistake, especially with young men of ability, to suppose that what they call genius is sufficient for success in life. They sneer at the studious as "stupid book-worms," deride the industrious as "mere plodders," and boast that it is only necessary to apply themselves for a few minutes in order to conquer the most difficult tasks. We have seen, in our time, many such. We have observed them, moreover, in every walk of life. We have known them as quick working mechanics, as brilliant declaimers in debating societies, as witty or eloquent students in college. But we have lived long enough to notice that most of them have made shipwreck of themselves forever. The smart mechanic, disdaining to work all the week when four or five days' labor will produce as much as others earned, who toiled from Monday morning till Saturday night, has generally acquired habits of dissipation and idleness, and ended, sometimes, in the penitentiary, but more frequently in the drunkard's grave. The showy orator has become a lazy lawyer, or good-for-nothing editor, or pot-house politician. The idle, though able student, has sunk into a "fast" young man, and died before reaching forty, the victim of his own excesses. As we look back on those we knew of these classes, scarcely twenty years ago, we see, alas! that almost general ruin has overtaken them.

That there is naturally a difference between men, in point of ability, we do not pretend to deny. This difference is less great, however, than is generally supposed; and no genius, moreover, is sufficient of itself without discipline and study. The difference, we say, is not so great as is usually believed. It is true that one person may excel another in what is popularly called eloquence, but generally he is deficient in something else, as, for example, in the purely logical faculty. A witty lawyer, able to keep a jury in a roar, may not be as competent to argue a case in banc as a less felicitous rival. An excellent book-keeper, to whom long columns of figures are nothing, may yet have no mechanical faculty at all; and a good mechanic may be a poor accountant. Nature wisely distributes her favors, generally bestowing different specialties, so to speak, on different persons. Jefferson was a great civilian, but had no talent for war whatever. Wayne was a splendid general, but quite an indifferent legislator. Putnam could head a charge gallantly, or defend a post heroically, but had no head for planning a complicated campaign. In more humble life we see similar proofs of this difference. There are women, for instance, who can cut and fit, as if by instinct, who seem, indeed, natural born mantua-makers or tailors. There are others

who always bungle if they attempt such things.

Everybody, in fact, who is not an idiot, has a favorite faculty, or, to use the proverbial phrase, "a knack of doing something." Now genius, in its true acceptation, is a knack of doing many things; or, in its narrower sense, is a knack of excelling in literature, politics or war. But as, in the humblest life, proficiency, even in that for which the person has a peculiar faculty, is only to be obtained by practice, so, in the higher walks of mind, discipline is absolutely necessary. The boy, who is put to learn a stone-cutter's trade, because he is always moulding figures in clay, never becomes a sculptor unless he studies hard. The youthful dabbler in water colors, never rises to be a great painter without long years devoted to his art. The lad, who makes a capital college speech, ends in becoming a mere wordy declaimer, unless he learns to think. It was not only his talent for painting, which won for Raphael the title of "divine," but the days and nights he devoted to mastering drawing and composition. The great Milton worked hard at poetry, for thirty years, endeavoring to perfect himself before he began *Paradise Lost*. There is not a famous name in history of which the same cannot be said. To rely merely on what is called genius, is to insure failure, nay! is to cast away opportunities bestowed by Nature, it is, in fact, to squander, like a spendthrift, the fortune, which, as it were, was given in advance at birth.—*Ledger*.

"**RARIFIED MEN.**"—The closing paragraph of an article from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher, is as follows: "Alas! that we should have so many rarified men among us, who are so holy that they cannot quite touch the ground, and yet are not ethereal enough to rise entirely up, and therefore hang in an unpleasant oscillation between earth and heaven, quite uncertain in their own minds to which their duties belong."

THE MAHOMEDANS are very superstitious touching the beard. They bury the hairs which come off in combing it, and break them first, because they believe that angels have charge of their hair, and that they gain them their dismissal by breaking it. Selim I. was the first Sultan who shaved his beard, contrary to the law of the Koran. "I do it," said he apologetically to the scandalized and orthodox mufti, "to prevent my vizier leading me by it." He cared less for it than some of our ancestors, two centuries ago, did for their own. They used to wear pasteboard covers over them in the night, lest they should turn upon them in their sleep.

TRUFFLES.

The common Truffle is a sort of fungus growing entirely under ground; it is sometimes called the *ground mushroom*. There are several kinds, but the eatable one, of which we shall give some account, is the most remarkable. Its form is irregular, roundish, or oblong, in some degree like an ill-shaped potato, varying in size from that of a hazel-nut to the bigness of a moderate sized fist; the outside is black, dark-grey, or brown, covered over with a thick, hard, wart-like skin; the inside flesh firm, rather soapy to the feel, and has a netted, cellular, veiny appearance, of a light brown, or dirty, white color, clouded with grey. Before the truffle is ripe, it has merely an earthy smell, but on becoming mature, it diffuses a peculiar odor, very pleasant to many.

The truffle is rare in most countries; and is much sought after as an article of luxury, it being used in the more expensive and luxurious kinds of cookery to give a flavor to sauces; it is also much used in meat or quince pies; and a turkey stuffed with truffles, and allowed to hang for some time, so that the flavor may be dispersed throughout the meat, is considered one of the greatest delicacies of the French kitchen. The truffles are also eaten plain boiled or roasted, or boiled in gravy, with oil, salt and pepper, as a sauce.

The truffle grows in most parts of the globe. Linnæus found them in Lapland, and Kœmpfer in Japan. They are, however, principally found in the temperate countries of Europe; in England, Spain, Italy, and in France, especially the southern parts, and in the north and south of Germany; and both the rich goose-liver pies of Strasburg, and the red-legged partridge pies of the south of France derive much of their exquisite flavor from being plentifully seasoned with the fresh truffle. They have been considered a luxury at all times. Pliny, Martial, and Juvenal notice them; and both Apicius and Athenæus give an estimate of their merits in ancient cookery.

The truffle is usually found under trees in open forest-grounds, and in plantations of deciduous trees. In Germany, it is stated that they are more generally found under or near the oak and the white-thorn. In England, it is supposed that they are usually found under or near beech-trees; they require, it would seem, to grow in a place shaded from the sun, and in light, loamy soil. In England, they are generally found in or near the chalky-ranges; they are very plentiful about Goodwood, Slindon and Earham, in Sussex, and near Winchester, and all along the chalky parts of New Hampshire and of Wiltshire; and the impression seems to be that they are found in places where they were not previously known, where beech plantations have been made. The notion as regards the beech, may be an error, and may arise from the fact that this tree usually forms part of the plantations made in the districts where the

truffle is generally found; as the truffle grows entirely under ground, and, from its rarity, very few could be obtained by a chance turning up of the soil, it is therefore usually sought for by dogs trained for the purpose. When the truffle becomes ripe, which is about the end of August or beginning of September, the strong smell we have noticed, is diffused.

Dogs are taught to hunt out the truffles by the odor, and then to scratch them up, the usual depth being two or three inches under the surface; sometimes, however, they appear almost out of the ground, and at others they are as low down as six or seven inches or more. The dog which is usually selected for the purpose of training is either a poodle or a French barbet; both kinds are docile, and have a good nose; and, moreover, they have another merit, which is, that by not having any strong instinct for following game, they are not taken off their pursuit of the truffle on the starting of game. The education is very simple; the dog is first well taught to fetch and carry; then the thing he is taught to fetch and carry is buried in the ground, and he learns to scratch it up and bring it to his master, (being always duly rewarded for his docility by a piece of bread;) as his education advances, real truffles are used as the subject to be fetched, and then they are buried in the earth, and the dog is set to find them, the master always bearing in mind to reward him for each successful finding. The Germans, it appears, use a paste of bread flavored with old cheese. The old man represented in the cut, who is a celebrated trainer of truffle-dogs, generally keeps a few truffles, either dried or soaked in grease through the winter, thus preserving, in some degree, the odor, to serve for teaching the young dogs. After the dog is sufficiently acquainted with the smell of the hidden truffle so as to scratch for it, the hunter takes him out in the field, generally accompanied by a dog already trained to the search, and these are set to hunt about, under the trees and in plantations, and other likely spots, to discover by the scent and scratch up the truffle. The usual practice is for the hunter to assist the dogs, when they begin to scratch, with a spud, which is shown in the cut; and as soon as the truffle is found, each dog is rewarded with a piece of bread, which is better if it is flavored by being kept in the bag with the truffles.

The following is an extraordinary proof of the exquisite sense of smelling that the truffle-dog possesses, and is related in Daniel's "Rural Sports:"—"In the summer of 1802, a gentleman walked with a person who is a professed truffle hunter; his dog found in the park at Amesbury, the seat of the Duke of Queensberry, many truffles; and as he continued his hunting, the dog, to the great surprise of his owner and the gentleman who accompanied him, suddenly leaped over the hedge which surrounded that

part of the park, and ran with the utmost precipitation across the field (which was a distance of at least *one hundred yards*) to a hedge opposite, where, under a beech tree, he found and brought in his mouth to his master, as the truffle-dogs are taught to do, a truffle of uncommon size, and which weighed 12 ounces and a half."

"In Italy, the usual method employed for the finding of truffles, or subterraneous mushrooms, called by the Italians *Tartufali*, and in Latin *Tubera Terra*, is by tying a cord to the hind leg of a pig and driving him, observing where he begins to root."

AUTUMN MEMORIES.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Once I sat where evening shadows
From a forest o'er me fell,
List'ning to the mournful stories
That the night-wind loves to tell.
List'ning to a tale more dreary
Sighing, moaning thro' my soul,
Till the tear-drops, slowly, sadly,
Down my cheeks began to roll.

As the evening shadows deepened,
As the night-winds louder cried,
Phantoms, from the year departed,
Through the forest seemed to glide.
Silently I gazed upon them,
Through the mists of blinding tears—
Dearly loved, and long lamented,
Visions from the vanished years.

All the withered leaves were falling,
Whirling downwards on the blast;
Dirge-like tones were faintly sounding
Requiems for the summer past.
All the forest-voices, wailing
For the joys of summer-time,
Softly, sadly, very sweetly,
Mingled in a plaintive chime.

And the giant trees uplifted
All their ghastly branches high,
As the vandal winds came sweeping,
With marauding fury, by;
But the phantoms glided calmly
Through the forest's fearful gloom—
Forms the years long gone hath gathered
To the slumber of the tomb.

Softly as the moonbeams' glimmer
O'er the cloud-tops, rolling high;
Silent, as the hush of chaos,
That pale company drew nigh.
Close they gathered all around me,
With their deep and earnest eyes
Bent upon me, fondly, sadly,
Filled with deathless memories.

Stretching out their pale hands towards me,
Did the shadowy loved ones come,
And with voiceless pleadings called me
To their viewless spirit-home.
She upon whose faithful bosom
Forest leaves and shadows lie,
He who, weary-hearted, wandered,
From his father's house—to die!

One whose earliest love was given,
In its fullness, unto me,
Sleeping now his dreamless slumber
Where the mountain winds blow free;
Sweet young faces gone forever
From the noon tide and the morn,
On the autumn winds of midnight
Through the forest aisles were borne.

Then my soul grew faint with yearning,
Sick with longing to depart,
As I vainly strove to clasp them
To my torn and bleeding heart;
And, in wildest tones entreating,
Loudly, bitterly, I cried,
"Torture not my brain to madness,
Ye who in life's glory died.

Let me feel your arms enfold me,
Let me clasp you to my breast.
Mock me not, but bear me with you
To your Sabbath Land of rest."
But they backward drew, and faded,
In the cold, gray dawn of day,
And they, in the mists of morning,
Through the forest passed away.

WHAT wonderful order there is in all human labor! Whilst the husbandman furrows his land, and prepares for every one his daily bread, the town artisan, far away, weaves the stuff in which he is to be clothed; the miner seeks under the ground the iron for his plough; the soldier defends him against the invader; the judge takes care that the law protects his fields; the tax-comptroller adjusts his private interests with those of the public; the merchant occupies himself in exchanging his products with those of distant countries; the men of science and art add every day a few horses to this ideal team, which draw along the material world as steam impels the gigantic trains of our railroads! Thus all unite together all help one another; the toil of each benefits himself and all the world; the work has been apportioned among the different members of the whole of society by a tacit agreement. If, in this apportionment, errors are committed—if certain individuals have not been employed according to their capacities, these defects of detail diminish in the sublime conception of the whole. The poorest man included in this association has his place, his work, his reason for being there; each is something in the whole.

THE moment a man parts with moral independence—the moment he judges of duty, not from the inward voice, but from the interest and will of a party, the moment he commits himself to a leader or a body, and winks at evil because divisions would hurt the cause, the moment he shakes off his particular responsibility, because he is but one of a thousand, or a million, by whom the evil is done,—that moment he parts with his moral power. He is shorn of the energy of single-hearted faith in the right and the true. He hopes from man's policy what nothing but loyalty to God can accomplish. He substitutes coarse weapons, forged by man's wisdom, for celestial power.—[Channing.]



THE HORSE AND LADEN ASS.



Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE HORSE AND LADEN ASS.

"Dear brother horse, so heavy is my load,
That my gail'd back
Is like to crack;
Some pity take,
Or I shall perish on the road:
Assistance lend,—
My burthen share,
Or else a cruel end
Waits on thy fellow servant and thy friend:
Here I must lie,
And die."
The tired ass said, as th' empty horse went by.
Prick'd up with pride and provender, the horse
Denied his aid:
"Shall I," he said,
"My own back lade
And hurt myself, stirr'd up with fond remorse?
My prudent master laid
This on thee, who
Better than you or I knows what to do."
This said, heart-broke the ass fell down and died:
The master straight
Laid all the weight
On his proud mate;
And spread above the ass's hide,
Repenting, but too late,
The horse then said,—
"Thou, most accur'd, didst not thy brother aid;
Now on my back
The whole burthen's laid.
Such mortals goodness lack
And counsel which their friends distress'd not aid:
Had I borne part,
The smart
Had been but small, which now must break my heart."

ALICE LEE.

I will now tell you about a dear friend, who was my chosen companion in childhood—sweet Alice Lee! No one who was ever her school-mate can forget her unvarying gentleness and kindness, and I, at least, look back upon her unusual tenderness toward the brute creation as one of the most endearing traits in her cha-

racter. We were room-mates in a large boarding school, and in such a situation you will perhaps think she had no opportunity to exercise her humanity. But it was not so—we can hardly ever be placed where we may not employ a kindly disposition if we have the will to do so. There were two cats belonging to the establishment, or rather a cat and her kitten—both of the fairest specimen of Maltese—blue and silvery, but which, in spite of their beauty and usefulness, were harshly treated and ill-fed.—This state of things roused Alice's sympathy, and many were the dainty bits she saved from her own never-plentiful fare for the comfort of the two cats, and unwearied the exertions she made to caress and feed them, which must be done without the knowledge of the cross old housekeeper. I smile, now, in the midst of tears, to recall a little incident which happened on the last day at school. Alice and I were to take the same conveyance to our homes, and I was watching impatiently for its appearance, when I missed my friend, and fearing she would not be ready, hastened to her room to assist her. I found her seated on the floor, in the midst of our baggage, crying bitterly. As I drew near, and looked over her shoulder, I saw that she was giving the poor cats a last token of her affection. The dear child had bought a little milk of the milkman, and smuggled the cats up stairs, where she fed them from a china saucer (which was a choice dish brought from home, and now unpacked for the purpose,) and then drawing the baggage around her to shield the cats, in case of a sudden interruption, she was indulging her affectionate pity and grief for the last time! The old cat was lapping the milk with great satisfaction, but the kitten had finished her breakfast, and lay curled up on Alice's lap, purring a most contented farewell song. I gently soothed her sorrow, and while she finished her preparations, contrived to carry the cats to their lawful quarters. But the trials of my little friend were not yet over.

When the stage at last appeared, and we had parted from the throng of teachers and scholars at the door, Alice's tears burst forth afresh.—

Hastily catching them in her arms, she fondly kissed their blue coats, and left many a tear glittering in the soft fur as she put them down. Nor was her tender care un-repaid. The old housekeeper, who had long suspected Alie's fondness for the animals, was moved by this token of affection, and called out, "Never fear, Miss Alice; I'll feed the pussies for your sake." These words brought a smile to the little girl's face, and removed a weight from her heart, which would else, I doubt not, have caused her many a tear and heavy sigh. This school-friendship was the last knowledge I had of Alice for many years. I grew up, and at last heard that my early friend was married, and living at the far West. During a tour last summer, I accidentally visited her place of residence, and finding her house, presumed upon "auld acquaintance" to call without ceremony. The house was small, but neat and fresh, as I knew every thing about my friend would always be. I found no one near the door, so passing through the front room I came to the kitchen; I entered unobserved, and stood a moment to watch a scene so delightfully characteristic that I could not disturb it. Alice had been making bread, and had shaped a nice fair loaf in a pan, ready to be put to rise, but the *great house dog* lay beside the stove, just where she wished the bread to be, and seemed unwilling to move. Instead of driving him out, however, with harsh words, or harsher blows, she patiently sat down her pan, and putting her arms around his neck, kissed his brown nose, and then lugged him along toward the door, exerting all her strength, for he was old and lazy. In passing me, she looked up, knew me at once, and dropping the dog, ran to my embrace. This little circumstance brought back our childish days, with all their tender recollections, and there was no reserve or coldness in the confidence mutually given and received.

Dear children, have you listened with pleasure to my story? Then don't forget the lesson it is intended to teach. Be gentle and careful toward the domestic animals around you, and you will be amply rewarded by the love they will bear you, and the happy feelings which the exercise of these kindly dispositions will bring to your own hearts.—*N. Y. Churchman.*

THE EARLY WALK.

We have come from the wild-wood, mother,
With flowers and fruits for you;
They are lovely and bright with their own pure light,
And sparkling with early dew—
Oh! our walk was so gay—so glad, mother,
Away from the dusty town,
By the meadow way—where the waters play,
And the sun shines softly down.

It was scarcely light when we rose, mother,
At first from our little bed—
And the sun rose higher, with his glance of fire,
As our morning prayers we said—
And I think the prayers we prayed, mother,
Drew gladness along our way,
Our hearts were so full of the beautiful,
So loving, and free, and gay.

At first we came to the wood, mother,
It all was green and still,
For a shadow fell along the dell,
From the overhanging hill;
But the birds were all awake, mother,
And busy as birds could be,
As they flew in the hush, from bush to bush,
Or into some towering tree.

Then the sunshine flashed o'er the hill, mother,
And glimmer'd along the vale,
And there came a glow, and a music flow,
Where before were shadows pale;
It seem'd as if all things waited
To catch his living ray,
Ere they poured their life of joy and song,
Out forth to the opening day.

And amidst the music, mother,
We gather'd our basket full
Of the flowers fair and the berries rare,
That grow by the streamlet cool.
And now we have reached our home, mother,
They are yours for a single kiss—
For our mother's love the charm shall prove
Of even a walk like this. M. A.

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

"Please, sir, *don't* you want a cabin boy?"
"I do want a cabin boy, my lad, but what's that to you? A little chap like you ain't fit for the berth."
"Oh, sir, I'm real strong. I can do a great deal of work, if I ain't so very old."
"But what are you here for? You don't look like a city boy. Run away from home, hey?"
"Oh, no, indeed, sir; my father died, and my mother is very poor, and I want to do something to help her. She let me come."
"Well, sonny, where are your letters of recommendation? Can't take any boy without those."

Here was a damper. Willie had never thought of its being necessary to have letters from his minister, or his teachers, or from some proper person, to prove to strangers that he was an honest and good boy. Now, what *should* he do. He stood in deep thought, the captain, meanwhile, curiously watching the workings of his expressive face. At length he put his hand into his bosom, and drew out his little Bible, and without one word, put it into the captain's hand. The captain opened to the blank page, and read:

"WILLIE GRAHAM,

"Presented as a reward for regular and punctual attendance at Sabbath School, and for his blameless conduct there and elsewhere. From his Sunday School Teacher."

Captain McLeod could not consider the case before him with a heart unmoved. The little fatherless child, standing humbly before him, referring him to the testimony of his Sunday School teacher, as it was given in his little Bible, touched a tender spot in the breast of the noble seaman, and clapping Willie heartily on the shoulder, he said—

"You are the boy for me; you shall sail with me, and if you are as good a lad as I think you

are, your pockets shan't be empty when you go back to your good mother."

A FABLE.

A vine was growing beside a thrifty oak, and had reached that height at which it required support.

"Oak," said the vine, "bend your trunk so that you may be support to me."

"My support," replied the oak, "is naturally yours, and you may depend on my strength to bear you up, but I am too large and solid to bend. Put your arms around me, pretty vine, and I will manfully support and cherish you, if you have ambition to climb as high as the clouds; while I thus hold you up, you will ornament my rough trunk with your pretty green leaves and shining scarlet berries. They will be as frontlets to my head, as I stand in the forest like a glorious warrior, with all his plumes. We were made by the great Master to grow together, and by our union the weak may be made strong, and the strong render aid to the weak."

"But I wish to grow independently," said the vine, "why cannot you twine around me, and let me grow up straight, and not be a mere dependent upon you?"

"Nature," answered the oak, "did not design it. It is impossible that you should grow to any height alone; and if you try it, the winds and rains, if not your own weight, will bring you to the ground. Neither is it proper for you to run your own arms hither and thither among the trees. The trees will say it is not my vine—it is a stranger—get thee gone; I will not cherish thee. By this time thou wilt be so entangled among the different branches, that thou can't get back to the oak: and nobody will admire or pity thee."

"Ah, me!" said the vine, "let me escape from such a destiny;" and with this she twined herself around the oak, and both grew and flourished happily together.

WHAT MAKES CHARACTER.—From habit results character and its consolidation. By character is not to be understood original temperament, or constitutional tendency. Such idiosyncrasy may be closely related to it, but does not constitute it. On the contrary, character may overbear it, and be even formed in defiance of it. Character is the slow and conscious product of man's voluntary nature. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." It is that which identifies him with his moral self, at different stages of his being; and hence, it is only on the supposition that his character is changed, that he is said to lose his moral identity, and to become a "new creature."

A SPANISH PROVERB.—"What a fool does in the end, the wise man does in the beginning."

A NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God of the nations, hear us!
And make the feeble strong!
Our songs of glad thanksgiving
To Thy great name belong:
Loud, loud, we'll swell the anthem,
High, high, our voices raise.
Columbia's sons and daughters,
Your guardian Ruler praise!
Come, brothers, never falter!
Join, sisters, heart and hand,
Round Freedom's sacred altar,
Our own dear Fatherland.

Praise to the Lord Almighty!
His wondrous power proclaim,
Who led the exiled "Pilgrims"
Across the pathless main;
That Truth might soar unfettered,
On swift and daring wing,
And to this home of Freedom,
Her grateful tribute bring.
Come, brothers, never falter!
Join, sisters, heart and hand,
Round Freedom's sacred altar,
Our own dear Fatherland.

He blest our patriot fathers;
He was their strength and shield,
When Right uprose triumphant,
And bade Oppression yield:
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Though Passion's storm raged high,
They stood in faith undaunted,
Their watchword "Liberty!"
Come, brothers, never falter!
Join, sisters, heart and hand,
Round Freedom's sacred altar,
Our own dear Fatherland.

Thou, by whose inspiration,
Brave thoughts and deeds have birth,
Whose piercing eye illumines
The darkness of our earth,—
Breathe on each kindling spirit,
Pour down Thy holy light,—
So shall the flame of freedom,
Still burn divinely bright.
Come, brothers, never falter!
Join, sisters, heart and hand,
Round Freedom's sacred altar,
Our own dear Fatherland.

Proudly our country's banner
Waves over land and sea;
God! may its stars shine brighter,
Our people *all* be free!
Haste the day's glorious dawning,
When wrong and strife will cease,
And ransomed millions echo
The angels' song of "Peace!"

MARY ANN WHITAKER.

A custom by no means devoid of a fanciful grace, still exists among the cottagers of southern Burgundy. A mother, with a sickly child, goes into the fields, kneels, and prays for her offspring under the clustering flowers of the hawthorn-tree; the feeling being, that her prayer-laden breath will ascend sweeter to heaven perfumed with the natural incense of the bursting buds of spring.

The Housekeeper's Friend.

OYSTER TOAST.—Bruise one anchovy fine in a mortar; take twenty oysters, cut off their beards, and chop them small. Mix the anchovy and chopped oysters in a saucepan with as much cream as will make them of a good consistency. Add a little cayenne pepper, spread them when quite hot on a round of hot, well-buttered toast; cut as for anchovy toast.

HOW TO DRESS A HAM.—Major General Lord Blaney tells us:—Bayonne is celebrated for its hams. I accordingly had one dressed under my own inspection; and, as a considerable degree of science is required in dressing a ham, I publish my receipt: Boil it in hock a quarter of an hour each pound; then put it in an oven, and bake it another quarter of an hour to the same weight; and I'll venture to say the epicures will acknowledge that nothing can be more delicious.

FIG PUDDING.—Half pound of figs, half pound of flour, two eggs, half pound of suet, a little sugar, and a little wine. To be boiled in a tin shape for four hours.

DELICIOUS CUTLET.—In Mr. Honan's entertaining work, recently published, we find a recipe for preparing a *Coteletta de Vitello a la Milanese*: First take your cutlet and beat it well with the flat side of the cleaver, or with a rolling-pin; beat it for at least five minutes; then having thrown a quantity of butter, eggs, and flour into a frying-pan, when the mixture is hissing hot, fling your cutlet in, and there let it stew. The mixture penetrates to the core, and is imbibed in every part, and when the dish is laid steaming before you, your olfactory sense is refreshed, and your palate is delighted with veal, not insipid, as veal generally is, but with a morsel moist with odoriferous juices, having the same relation to an ordinary chop, as buttered toast at Christmas time has to dry, hard bread, or a well-larded woodcock served at the *Trois Freres* to a red-legged partridge roasted to the fibre in Spain. Serve with tomato sauce.

THE SMELL OF NEW PAINT.—A bundle of old, dry hay, wetted and spread about, presents a multifarious absorbing surface for this; especially if not on the floor only, but over pieces of furniture which allow circulation of air, as chairs laid upon their face, &c. Large vessels of water, as trays and pans, are not uncommonly used with good effect; but the multiplied surfaces of the loose hay give it a great advantage. It must be kept wet, however, or at least damp, for the oily vapor does not seem to be readily absorbed, unless the air is kept moist by evaporation.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—A solution of alum and potash in hot water is a cure for ants in timber,

but it must be applied boiling hot. Or dust the floors and shelves with pounded quicklime; and if that should not completely succeed, "water" the floors with the ammoniacal liquor of gas-works, when the ammonia would be instantly disengaged by the quicklime, and this is destructive to insect life.

ANOTHER WAY.—Procure a large sponge, wash it well, press it very dry; by so doing, it will leave the small cells open—lay it on the shelf where they are most troublesome, sprinkle some fine white sugar on the sponge (lightly over it) two or three times a day; take a bucket of hot water to where the sponge is, carefully drop the sponge in the scalding water, and you will slay them by thousands, and soon rid the house of these troublesome insects. When you squeeze the sponge, you will be astonished at the number that had gone into the cells.

COOKING BY GAS.—A correspondent of the Washington (D. C.) National Intelligencer thus describes the *modus operandi* as witnessed by him, in the kitchen of the National Hotel, in that city: Here, connecting a portable tube, one end of which terminated in a hollow gridiron, and the other end with the gas pipe for the ordinary use of the house, the hollow of the gridiron was filled with gas, which, being ignited, displayed numerous rows of brilliant little lights. These were covered over by a corrugated iron plate, under which the gas burned, and by which it was soon heated sufficiently to allow the process of broiling a beef steak to begin. The slice of meat was accordingly placed on the raised parts of the plate, which answered the purpose of the bars of a gridiron, while the hollows between them conducted off the juice to a receiver. In this simple manner things continued for eight minutes, when the steak was taken off as juicy and as tender as I never saw exceeded.

HOW TO COOK POTATOES.—A Vermont woman, says the editor of the Springfield Republican, who has surprised us by making old potatoes as good as new, dry, mealy, and fresh, has disclosed to us the process she puts them through to effect so desirable a result. The potatoes are pared and put to soak in cold water, from four to six hours; then dropped into water which is already boiling—an essential point; and a little salt added to water improves them. Take them from the fire the moment they are done; pour off all the water, and let them stand uncovered in the kettle over the fire till the water evaporates from the surface, and they are ready for the table. The result will astonish those who try it for the first time, and they will never return to the old method of boiling them with the skins on.

Editor's Department.

ENGLISH CORONATIONS.

The Regalia, as represented in the engraving at the commencement of this number, exhibits, not only the Regalia so called, but also those which are used when a queen is crowned. Now there is a difference between a queen regnant and a queen consort. The former occupies the kingly office as a right, but the latter is merely the wife of the king, through whom alone she obtains her dignity.

The Regalia, properly so called, are grouped on the left side of the engraving. The two crowns are the crown of state and the imperial crown. The imperial crown is called St. Edward's Crown, as having been made for the coronation of Charles II, to supply the place of the old crown, (which bore the name of Edward the Confessor,) destroyed along with the ancient Regalia, by order of Parliament. The imperial crown is "the crown royal which is set upon the king's head;" the crown of state is for the accommodation of the king, to be worn in procession. The crown of state represented in our engraving, was made for the coronation of George IV, the old one having been broken up. A new crown of state has been made for Victoria, which contains all the jewels of the former crown, with many additional ones.

Four swords are used at a coronation—the sword of state, represented in the engraving, as sheathed in its ornamental scabbard, and the three swords of mercy and justice. The sword of mercy, is Curtana, or the pointless sword; the sword of spiritual justice is obtusely pointed; but the sword of justice of the temporality, is acutely pointed. St. Edward's staff is represented in the engraving, as crossing the imperial crown; it is a large golden rod, with a mound and cross at the top, and is carried before the king in the procession, to the coronation. The sceptre, and the virge, or rod, are represented crossed in the foreground of the engraving. The sceptre, surmounted by a mound and cross, is placed in the king's right hand; and the virge, or rod, surmounted by a cross and dove, is placed in the left hand. The globe, or orb, surmounted by a cross, is supposed to have been used originally as a type or emblem of sovereignty. The other portions of the Regalia, are the spurs of fine gold, curiously wrought, the ring, and the armil, or armilla, which is used in the ceremony of investiture.

The portion of the Regalia which is used when the queen consort is crowned, consists of a crown of state, a circlet of gold, an orb, similar to the king's sceptre, and a ring. They are grouped on the right side of the engraving, the sword of state crossing them.

MR. EDITOR:—The following interesting extracts are from "Thatcher's Military Journal of

the Revolution," a deeply interesting work, though now out of print:

"BOSTON, JULY 20, 1775. * * * I have been much gratified this day, with a view* of General Washington. His Excellency was on horseback, in company with several military gentlemen. It was not difficult to distinguish him from all others; his personal appearance is truly noble and majestic, being tall and well proportioned. His dress is a blue coat with buff colored facings, a rich epaulet on each shoulder, buff under-dress, and an elegant small sword; a black cockade in his hat."

OCTOBER, 1778. * * * His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, made a visit to our hospital; his arrival was scarcely announced before he presented himself at our doors. Dr. Williams and myself had the honor to wait on this great and truly good man through the different wards, and to reply to his inquiries relative to the condition of our patients. He appeared to take a deep interest in the situation of the sick and wounded soldiers, and inquired particularly as to their treatment and comfortable accommodations. Not being apprised of his intended visit in time to make preparation for his reception, we were not entirely free from embarrassment; but we had the inexpressible satisfaction of receiving his Excellency's approbation of our conduct, as respects the duties of our department. The personal appearance of our Commander-in-Chief is that of the perfect gentleman and accomplished warrior. He is remarkably tall, full six feet, erect, and well proportioned. The strength and proportion of his joints and muscles appear to be commensurate with the pre-eminent powers of his mind. The serenity of his countenance, and the majestic gracefulness of his deportment, impart a strong impression of that dignity and grandeur which are his peculiar characteristics; and no one can stand in his presence without feeling the ascendancy of his mind, and associating with his countenance the idea of wisdom, philanthropy, magnanimity and patriotism. There is a fine symmetry in the features of his face, indicative of a benign and dignified spirit. His nose is straight, and his eyes inclined to blue. He wears his hair in a becoming cue, and from his forehead it is turned back, and powdered in a manner which adds to the military air of his appearance. He displays a native gravity, but devoid of all appearance of ostentation. His uniform dress is a blue coat, with two brilliant epaulets, buff colored underclothes, and a three cornered hat, with a black cockade. He is constantly equipped with an elegant small sword, boots and spurs, in readiness to mount his noble charger. There is not in the present age,

* The first view.

perhaps, another man so eminently qualified to discharge the arduous duties of the exalted station he is called to sustain, amidst difficulties which to others would appear insurmountable; nor could any man have more at command the veneration and regard of the officers and soldiers of our army, even after defeat and misfortune. This is the illustrious chief whom a kind Providence has decreed as the instrument to conduct our country to peace and to independence."

"SEPTEMBER 16, 1780.—We are now lamenting the loss of Brigadier General Poor,* who died last night of putrid fever. His funeral solemnities have been attended this afternoon."

"* * * Having arrived at the burying yard, the troops opened to the right and left, resting on their arms reversed, and the procession passed to the grave, where a short eulogy was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Evans. A band of music, with a number of drums and fifes, played a funeral dirge; the drums were muffled with black crape, and the officers in the procession wore crape round the left arm. The regiment of light infantry were in handsome uniform, and wore in their caps long feathers of black and red. The elegant regiment of horse, commanded by Major Lee, being in complete uniform, and well disciplined, exhibited a martial and noble appearance."

"No scene can exceed in grandeur and solemnity a military funeral. The weapons of war reversed, and embellished with the badges of mourning; the slow and regular step of the procession; the mournful sound of the unbraced drum and deep-toned instruments, playing the melancholy dirge; the majestic mien and solemn march of the war horse—all conspire to impress the mind with emotions which no language can describe, and which nothing but the reality can paint to the liveliest imagination."

* From New Hampshire.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In answer to very many applications, we make this general statement, that we are not entering into any new arrangements with correspondents for "paid" articles for the Home Magazine. And we will also state, that our engagements are such, that we cannot possibly answer all the letters received from those desirous to write, and give to each one particular reasons why we must decline accepting and paying for their articles.

"THE CASKET," is the name of an excellent magazine for children, published at Buffalo, and edited by Mrs. Harriet E. S. Arey, many of whose delightful household songs have graced the pages of the Home Magazine. We have just received a sweet poem from her pen, entitled "There Came an Angel to My Home," which will appear in a future number. We commend the "Casket" to our readers.

MUSICAL AFFAIRS.

Entertainments have been given, within the past six weeks, at Sansom Street Hall, wherest

excerpts from popular classical compositions were given. Miss Pintard sang several of her best songs, and was rapturously applauded.—Other artists of eminence, residents of Philadelphia, appeared. Tickets were sent to us for each of the concerts, but we were prevented from attending by other engagements. There is now a lull in concertizing, and the quiet will continue until the Autumn, when musical reunions will be resumed.

Moreau Gottschalk, the celebrated Creole pianist, is at Cape May, where he proposes to give a series of soirees. His numerous friends and admirers will be glad to hear him once more. His health, we regret to learn, is delicate, and his physicians have recommended him to the north, in the hope our climate will restore him.

Madam Isidore Clark has given several concerts in New York, at the Metropolitan Theatre, with good success. She is the daughter of Mr. Hanson, an artist of decided eminence in times past. She sang many years ago for the Philharmonic Society, at the Musical Fund Hall. Since that period, she has visited South America, and, we think, California, winning laurels wherever she went. Her voice and manner are said to have improved greatly. We look for her re-appearance in Philadelphia at an early day, when she will doubtless have a good reception. Madam Clark was assisted at her New York concerts by Arnoldi, Henry Appy, and others known to fame in musical circles.

The Academy of Music, in our city, has become a fixed fact. The sum required to insure the success of the enterprise, has been nearly all subscribed, and the building has begun.—It promises to be one of the handsomest opera houses in the world. That Philadelphia will support a good opera, was long ago settled. The stockholders have already appointed their officers. It is contemplated, we think, to form a connexion with the New York Academy, now so prosperous. Several eminent singers are already in the country, who have appeared in New York and Boston, with profit to all concerned. Others will be brought out from Europe, and there is every prospect of the most brilliant results.

An English opera company, with Reeves for principal tenor, and a Miss Durand for prima donna, were at the City Museum, early last month. Their success was at best an equivocal one. Mr. Reeves long since lost his voice, and Miss Durand is not reputed to be a very brilliant vocalist.

Mr. Edward L. Walker, of our city, has recently published some fine musical works, prominent among them being the "Topsy-Turvy Polka," by the celebrated Max Maretzek. This composition meets with a large sale. It is in the best style of the brilliant composer. Mr. Walker's establishment is one of the most elegant in the country.

The La Grange opera troupe played a very successful engagement at New York, and went to Boston. They were followed in New York by the Vestrali and Mirate company.

The Pyne and Harrison opera troupe performed at Niblo's, New York, last month, a long and successful engagement. They are the best English opera company that has visited us since the days of the Woods. We hear they will visit Philadelphia again early in the Autumn.

Vestvali had a great benefit at the Academy of Music, New York, early last month. She is a great favorite.—A new *prima donna*, Miss Hensler, appeared at the same time, with decided success. She is a Boston lady, and has had her education in France and Italy.—The New York *Musical Review* says: "Jullien—he of the Musical Congress at the Crystal Palace, the author of *Pietro il Grande*, the musical apostle of the million—in short, the people's conductor par excellence—is again to visit us, bringing with him ten of the best soloists that Europe can furnish, and associating with them a monster orchestra of the best resident talent. At least his agent has arrived in New York, and will endeavor to make arrangements for the return of Jullien, (from whose presence amongst us much is to be hoped for music, as he certainly popularizes the classics of our art,) towards the latter part of July. We hope that he will be successful in his errand, and that Jullien will come, polkas, scottisches, Fireman's Quadrilles, and all. The *Times* (N. Y.) says that Jullien intends a speculation in Italian opera, (we hope not,) and adds with justice:—'An enterprising spirit like his should find a home in America.' But the *Times* also says, that with him will come 'a live tenor, the greatest in the world, of course,' and it believes that he will be 'none other than the famous Tamberlik, an artist perfectly unapproachable in his way.' We are well aware that Tamberlik will be exceedingly popular in America, as he possesses Rubini's three qualifications (voice, voice, voice,) for a singer, as does no other tenor; but, in our opinion, method and soul are slightly important, and in regard to neither of these is Tamberlik entitled to be called the greatest tenor in the world; we think, however, that Tamberlik will not visit us at present.—But Jullien is coming, and with him Mad. Gassier, a vocalist, who has had much success in London during the present season; he will commence his second series of American concerts at the Academy of Music, perhaps, about the first of August."—Madame Parodi and Maurice Strakosch have been making a concert tour through our western cities.—Miska Hauser was still enchanting the Australians with his magic violin when last heard from, and had found much favor in the eyes of the citizens of Sydney in particular, by the generous tender of a concert for the benefit of the Coulburn Hospital. Miska draws much gold, as well as a very fine bow.—The Quakers, or Society of Friends, according to the New York *Musical Review*, seem to have got into trouble from the introduction of music into the families of some of their members.—A year or two since, a Friend, residing in Madison street, was brought before the monthly meeting of the Hicksite Friends of that city,

because he had purchased a piano forte, and had the same in his house. The fact was not denied; but it was averred that the offending Friend had ever been an exemplary member of the Society, and further, that the piano had not caused any visible deterioration in his religious zeal, piety, or morality. But the monthly meeting was not satisfied with this, and the sense of the meeting, as expressed by its clerk, was that the offending Friend should be disowned.—Erard, the celebrated piano forte manufacturer of Paris, turns out two thousand instruments yearly; Pleyel, of the same city, makes fourteen hundred; Chickering, of Boston, about the same number; and Lighte, Newton & Bradburys, of New York, and Hallett, Davis & Company, of Boston, about one thousand each.—We learn by a New York *Musical Journal* that the Music Publishers of the United States held a convention on June 6, 7, and 8, at the Astor House, in that city, to arrange and adopt a basis of operations, which should bring the Trade into harmonious co-operation. There were present, Messrs. Pond, Hall, Waters, Berry, Jollie, Gordon, and Millet, of New York; Gould, Winner, Walker, and Andre, of Philadelphia; Reed, and Ditson, of Boston; Willig, and Miller, of Baltimore; Webb and Faulds, of Louisville; Peters, and Colburn, of Cincinnati; and Mr. Balmer, of St Louis. After much discussion, articles of association were adopted, and an organization effected, to be known as the Board of Music Trade, comprising the following music publishers, to wit: G. Andre & Co., Balmer & Weber, James N. Beck, J. E. Boswell, S. Brainard, W. F. Colburn, O. Ditson, D. P. Faulds, Firth, Pond & Co., S. T. Gordon, J. E. Gould, William Hall & Son, Lee & Walker, Henry McCaffrey, Meyer & Trethar, Miller & Beacham, W. E. Millet, S. Pearson, W. C. Peters & Son, Geo. P. Reed & Co., N. Richardson, Stayman & Brother, Henry Tolman, Edwd. L. Walker, Horace Waters, Geo. Willig, Jr., Winner & Shuster. Any person who may hereafter wish to join the Board, must have issued at least one thousand engraved pages of music, receive the votes of two thirds of the members present, sign the articles of agreement, and plank down twenty-five dollars initiation fee, in advance. It was determined that prices should hereafter be expressed in decimals, or federal money, and that compositions heretofore sold at 12½ cents, shall now be sold for 10 cents; 18½ cent pieces, 15 cents, etc. On pieces which cost only 25 cents, or less, no price will be marked by the publisher, so that the retailer can fix his own price upon them. An arrangement was also made which will prevent a house from republishing a non-copyright, or foreign piece which has already been issued by a member of the Board. This is supposed to place copyright, or American compositions, on an equal business footing with non-copyright, or foreign compositions, inasmuch as the latter will hereafter have but one publisher instead of half a dozen or more, as formerly: time and experience only can determine the truthfulness of this supposition.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WINKLES; OR, THE MERRY MONOMANIACS. An American Picture, with Portraits of the Natives. By the author of *Wild Western Scenes*, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale in Philadelphia by C. G. Henderson & Co., Arch and Fifth streets.

This is a very entertaining book, from the pen of a very successful author. Doubtless it presents living pictures, daguerreotypes outward and inward, of those who perambulate the streets, and brighten or darken the phases of city life. It is produced in very attractive style, like everything which emanates from its flourishing publishers, and will, we are confident, have an extensive sale.

CONE CUT CORNERS: the Experiences of a Conservative Family in Fanciful Times; including some account of a Connecticut Village, the People who lived in it, and those who came there from the City. By BENAULT. Mason & Brothers, New York. For sale in Philadelphia by T. B. Peterson.

There is a good deal of genuine drollery in this book, and it will serve to amuse, very satisfactorily, many an idle hour in the rail car, or at the watering-place. The author is a wag of emphatic mould. The book is profusely and elegantly illustrated. No expense has been spared to send it forth in attractive guise. The preface is a model in originality. It commences thus: "Reader, will you taste a glass of bitters before dinner? In other words, will you listen to a few words of serious conversation before a novel? If you will, we shall be glad of the opportunity to say somewhat of the character and purpose of the work." The author then proceeds to give a kind of inkling of his plan. He essays to cut up follies and celebrate virtues. Whether he succeeds, the reader may judge for himself. With the book in notice came to us a copy of the *Cone Cut Gazette*, a handsomely printed sheet, and about as reliable as many other newspapers. It contains some good dashes at the peculiarities of modern newspaper making.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By JOHN B. C. ARBOTT. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This work is well known, and has been variously regarded, just as readers were friendly or unfriendly to the celebrated hero of whose life it treats. That it is full of exciting interest, all concede. The style is florid, and the whole production in keeping with the idea the talented author had of his theme. All the beautiful illustrations published with the work, as it appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, appear in the present noticed volume.

NICHOLAS NICKELBY. By CHARLES DICKENS. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. By CHARLES DICKENS. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Mr. Peterson purchased the plates of Dickens's Complete Works, as recently published by Getz & Buck, and is sending them forth in very handsome style. The two volumes recorded above are the last of the issue received at this office. They are handsomely illustrated.

THE MAY FLOWER. By H. BEECHER STOWE. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This elegant volume is a collection of the miscellaneous writings of Mrs. Stowe, and will be devoured by the reading public like everything else from the pen of the gifted author. A handsome portrait of the lady graces the book. When we say handsome, we mean to be understood that the subject is decidedly so—if the picture is to be relied on. The design and execution of the engraving are also of the best quality.

SCHOOL OF LIFE. By ANNA MARY HOWITT, author of "An Art Student in Munich." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The name of Howitt gives interest to any book, whereunto it may be attached. The charming volume

in notice has won the most unequivocal praises abroad, and will be read and re-read here in America. It is issued in the nicest possible manner. You can see the perfect taste of its publishers in every type.

MANUAL OF ANCIENT HISTORY, FROM THE REMOTEST TIMES TO THE OVERTHROW OF THE WESTERN EMPIRE, A. D. 476. By Dr. LEONARD SCHMITZ, F. R. S. E., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh; with copious Chronological Tables. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

The title of the book which we quote entire in the above, fully indicates what are its character and objects. The author performs his task with a clear head and a strong pen.

PERCIVAL HARFORD AND CLARA LETSON, TRUE TALES FOR CHILDREN. By MARGARET NORTON. Philadelphia: Howard Brothers.

Nice little book this, with appropriate cuts. The young folks will appreciate it, we doubt not. The moral is good, and the manner of telling the stories suited to the understanding of the class for whom intended.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.

Number seven of this series fully sustains the excellent character of its predecessors.

HUMAN AND COMPARATIVE ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE. New York: Clark, Austin & Smith.

This work has merit. It is used and believed, moreover, in the Normal School of Philadelphia, so we are informed by Messrs. U. Hunt & Co., by whom it is sold.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM COLLINS, THOMAS GRAY, AND OLIVER GOLDSMITH. With Biographical Sketches and Notes. Edited by ERES SARGENT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.; New York: J. C. Derby.

We have here another elegant volume of the series of Standard British Poets, now in course of publication at Boston. It is an honor to all concerned. The English language is baptized in inspiration of the intensest quality, by such poets as Collins, Gray, and Goldsmith, the worthy successors of the immortal Shakespeare.

THE LIVES AND TIMES OF THE CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES. By HENRY FLANDERS. First series. John Jay, John Rutledge. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grunb & Co. London: Trubner & Co.

This is a stately volume, which may be said to be a standard one for the library. It is issued in admirable style. To the professional man, the merchant, the scholar, and the gentleman, it will be equally valuable. It should find its place on every library shelf.

SURGICAL REPORTS AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS ON MEDICAL SUBJECTS. By GEO. HAYWARD. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. New York: J. C. Derby.

This book, of course, will be a valuable addition to the medical library. It is reported to be exceedingly well done.

PEEPS FROM THE BELFRY; OR, THE PARISH SKETCH BOOK. By Rev. F. W. SHELTON, author of the "Rector of St. Bardolph's," "Salandar," &c. New York: Chas. Scribner.

This modest looking volume is entitled to more than a passing notice, but we cannot give it such the present month. It is in the best style of the brilliant author of "Salandar," and the "Letters from Up the River." Made up of a variety, it is also full of both pleasant and striking incidents. The author tells a poor story better than any body we happen to think of; and the reader may judge how admirable he can be when he gets hold of good material, which, we would add, is the bulk of the contents of the volume in notice.

Several other books await notice, and will be attended to hereafter. Among them are "Homes for

the People," from Scribner; "Peg Woffington," from Ticknor & Co.; "Le Cure Manque," from Harper & Brothers; "The Mother," from Gould & Lincoln; "My Brother; or, the Man of Many Friends," from Anson D. F. Randolph; "Joy and Care," from Scribner; and "The Story of the Campaign," from Gould & Lincoln. *

THE AUTHORESS OF JANE EYRE.

Some touching incidents in the life of Miss Bronte, the authoress of "Jane Eyre," are given in a late number of Sharpe's Magazine:—

It appears that her mother espoused a young clergyman, the Rev. Patrick Bronte, contrary to the wishes of her relatives, who thereafter refused to have anything to do with the young couple. The clergyman obtained the perpetual curacy of Haworth, whither he took his bride. She resided there the remainder of her days, and died in a rapid consumption, after the birth of her sixth child, Charlotte. Mr. Bronte, who, though advanced in years, is still alive, is described as a man of studious and solitary habits, and of a singular and highly eccentric turn of mind, which, together with a very peculiar temper, must have rendered him anything but a suitable guardian to a youthful family. Nor can we wonder at the mother's dying exclamation, "What will become of my poor children?"

Engrossed by his own pursuits, the father never even dined with his family, nor taught them anything, and the children learned to write and read from servants only. When Charlotte was twelve years old she (even then of an original and self-reliant nature) asked and obtained her father's permission that her sisters and herself should be placed at the clergy-school at Cowan Bridge. This, as it then existed, she has described to the life in Jane Eyre. Two of her sisters died of the fever which at one time devastated the school; the two others, and probably Charlotte herself, quitted it with the seeds of consumption in their constitutions, fostered by the cruel privations they underwent. The food was horrible, and of it, bad as it was, they obtained so little that often they were literally half starved. Frequently has she "crept under the table to pick up the crumbs others had dropped." At the time of the fever the doctor examined the food; he put some in his mouth, and hastily rejected it, protesting that it was not fit for dogs. "So hungry was I," said Charlotte, "that I could have eaten what he threw away."

The three survivors returned to Haworth with broken health; but there fresh trials awaited them. "At nineteen," continued Charlotte, "I should have been thankful for a penny a week. I asked my father; but he said, 'What do women want with money?' She was yet only nineteen when she advertised for, and obtained a situation as teacher in a school: not finding it turn out as she had hoped, she waited until she had saved money enough to pay her passage to Brussels, where she had secured a position as school teacher—she started alone, never having previously quitted Yorkshire. When she arrived in London it was night; she became alarmed, and not knowing where to go, and fearing to

trust herself with strangers, she took a cab, drove to the Tower stairs, hired a boat, and was conveyed to the Ostend packet. At first, the officer in command refused to take her on board till the next morning, but, on learning her desolate situation, recalled his prohibition. In Brussels she remained two years; her experiences there are detailed in "Villette." The character of Adele, in particular, is drawn from life.

On her return she found that the health of her two remaining sisters was declining, and that her father's eyesight was becoming affected, and she considered it her duty to remain at home. She tried various means of increasing their income, but failed in all. Without mentioning her project to her father, she wrote Jane Eyre, a work of which Messrs. Smith and Elder had the good sense to perceive the merits, and were courageous enough to publish it, in spite of its peculiarities, which might have alarmed any but a really spirited publisher. About three months after the appearance of her novel, and when its success was no longer doubtful, Miss Bronte resolved to screw up her courage, and inform her father of the step she had taken. Mr. Bronte, it appears, did not then join his family, even at meal times. At dinner Charlotte announced her intention to her sisters, adding that she would put it in execution before tea. Accordingly she marched into his study with a copy of her work wrapped up in a review of it, which she had received, and the following conversation ensued:

"Papa, I have been writing a book!"

"Have you, my dear?" (He went on reading.)

"But, papa, I want you to look at it."

"I can't be troubled to read manuscript."

"But it is printed."

"I hope you've not been involving yourself in any such silly expense!"

"I think I shall gain some money by it; may I read you some reviews of it?" She read the reviews, and again asked him if he would look over the book; he said she might leave it and he would see—later on that same evening he sent his daughters an invitation to drink tea with him. When the meal was nearly concluded, he said—"Children, Charlotte has been writing a book, and I think it is a better one than I expected." For some years he never mentioned the subject again.

A lady, who afterwards became intimate with Miss Bronte, thus describes her first introduction to her: "I arrived late at the house of a mutual friend, tea was on the table, and behind it sat a little, wee, dark person, dressed in black, who scarcely spoke, so that I had time for a good look at her. She had soft, lightish brown hair, eyes of the same tint, looking straight at you, and very good and expressive; a reddish complexion, a wide mouth—altogether plain; the forehead square, broad, and rather overhanging. Her hands are like birds' claws, and she is so shortsighted that she cannot see your face unless you are close to her. She is said to be frightfully shy, and almost cries at the thought of going among strangers."

Such are the few particulars concerning this remarkable woman; with the broader features of her history, especially her marriage with Mr. Nichol, her father's curate, and her melancholy death six months after she (probably for the first time in her strange eventful life) knew what it was to enjoy domestic happiness—the daily press has already made every one familiar. That she has been taken from among us in the full vigor of her intellect, ere the sunshine of a happy home had fostered and developed the brighter and more genial portion of her nature, must ever be a source of regret to those who, admiring the works she has left as her lasting memorial, hoped for yet nobler proofs of her remarkable powers of invention, when time and an increased knowledge of life should have corrected the eccentricity, without lessening the originality of her genius.

We do not know the origin of the following poem, but we can safely commend it to the thoughtful attention of our readers, most of whom need not look very far away for a "Borroboola-Gha:"

"BORROBOOLA-GHA."

A stranger preached last Sunday,
And crowds of people came,
To hear a two-hour sermon
With a barbarous-sounding name;
'Twas all about some heathens
Thousands of miles afar,
Who live in a land of darkness,
Called "Borroboola-Gha."

So well their wants he pictured,
That when the plates were passed,
Each listener felt his pocket,
And goodly sums were cast;
For all must lend a shoulder
To push the rolling car,
That carried light and comfort
To "Borroboola-Gha."

That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And deep in meditation
I took my morning stroll,
Till something caught my mantle
With eager grasp and wild,
And looking down with wonder,
I saw a little child.

A pale and puny creature,
In rags and dirt forlorn;
What could she want, I questioned,
Impatient to be gone;
With trembling voice she answered,
"We live just down the street,
And mammy, she's a dyin',
And we've nothing left to eat."

Down in a wretched basement,
With mould upon the walls,
Through whose half-buried windows
God's sunshine never falls;
Where cold, and want, and hunger,
Crouched near her as she lay,
I found a fellow creature
Gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table,
A bed of dirty straw,

A hearth all dark and cheerless—
But these I scarcely saw;
For the mournful sight before me,
The sad and sickening show—
Oh! had I ever pictured
A scene so full of woe!

The famished and the naked,
The babes that pine for bread,
The squalid group that huddled
Around the dying bed;
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in lands afar;
Was I suddenly transplanted
To "Borroboola-Gha?"

Ah, no! the poor and wretched
Were close behind the door,
And I had passed them heedless
A thousand times before.
Alas! for the cold and hungry
That met me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away.

There's work enough for Christians
In distant lands, we know;
Our Lord commands his servants
Through all the world to go.
Not only for the heathen;
This was his charge to them—
"Go preach the word, beginning
First at Jerusalem."

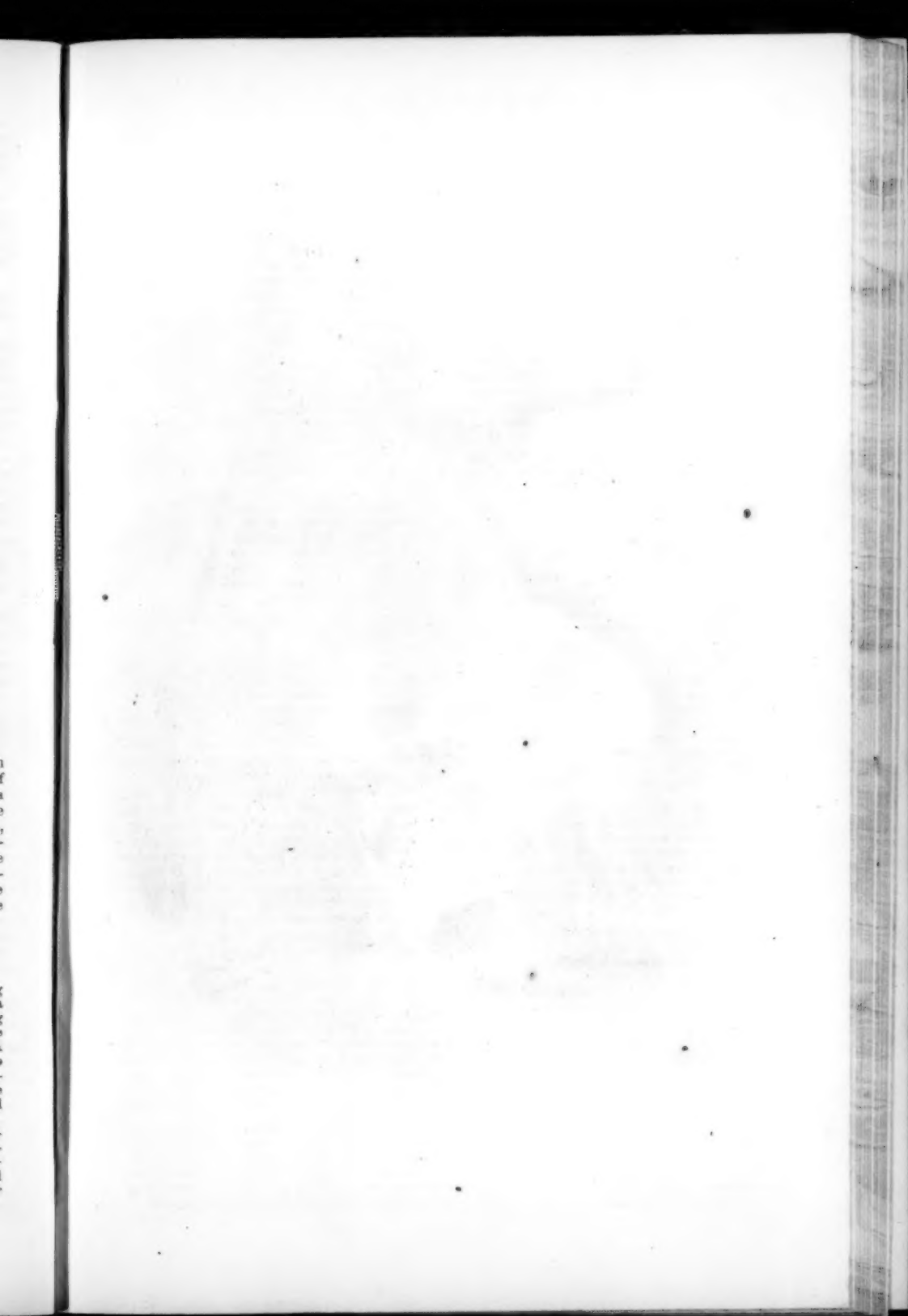
Oh! Christian! God has promised
Whoe'er to thee has given
A cup of pure cold water,
Shall find reward in Heaven.
Would you secure the blessing,
You need not seek it far;
Go find in yonder hovel
A "Borroboola-Gha."

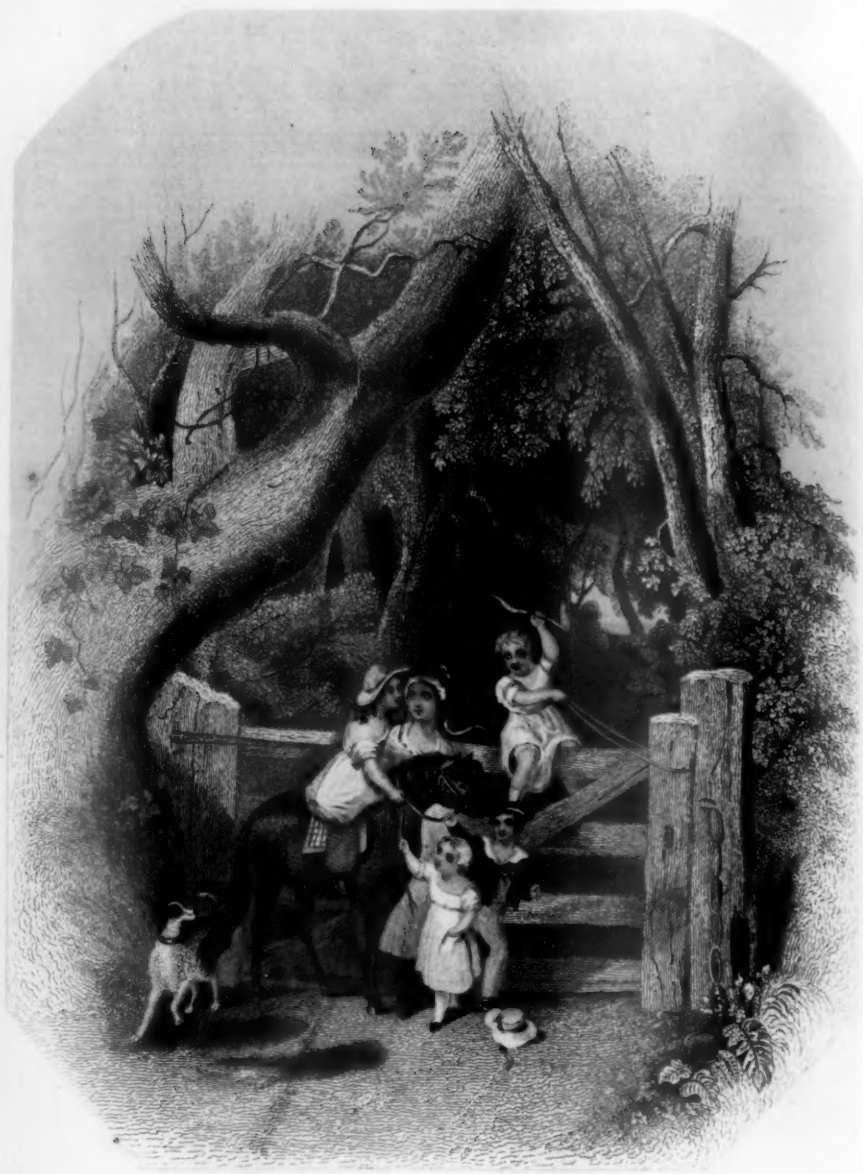
A very important discovery has just been made by a Mr. Petit, of Lyons, of a means of preparing silk, by a chemical process, with gold, silver, brass, or iron, so that it can be woven with perfect flexibility, and thus form, as it were, stuffs of those metals. The invention has been secured, by patent, and will be worked by a company of capitalists. Permission has been given to place a specimen in the Universal Exhibition. It is said that the price of this new material will not be high.

THE FASHIONS.

We give two seasonable figures, showing a walking and an evening dress. Also a page containing a young girl's dress, with head dresses, &c. The young girl's dress is of plaid silk. The skirt in three flounces, trimmed with a plain taffeta ribbon. A plain basque set on at the belt; the waist has folds to match the skirt, and the open space is filled by a chemise of Swiss muslin, in close puffs. Puff of the same forms an undersleeve. Collar of embroidered Swiss muslin at the throat.

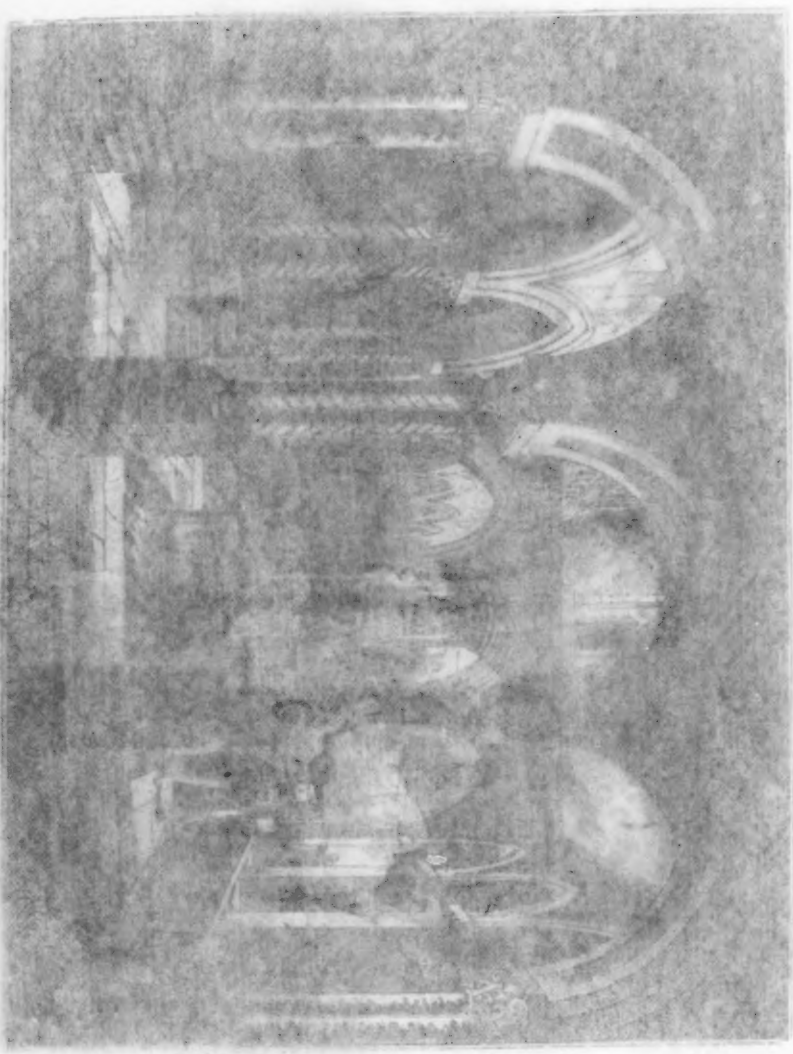
Figures 1 and 2 are breakfast caps; fig. 1 being intended for a bride or young married lady, being composed of lace and close bows of rose-colored satin ribbon; the cap fits close to the head, a fall of broad ribbon coming behind the ear. Fig. 2 is intended for an older person, the trimming encircling the face.

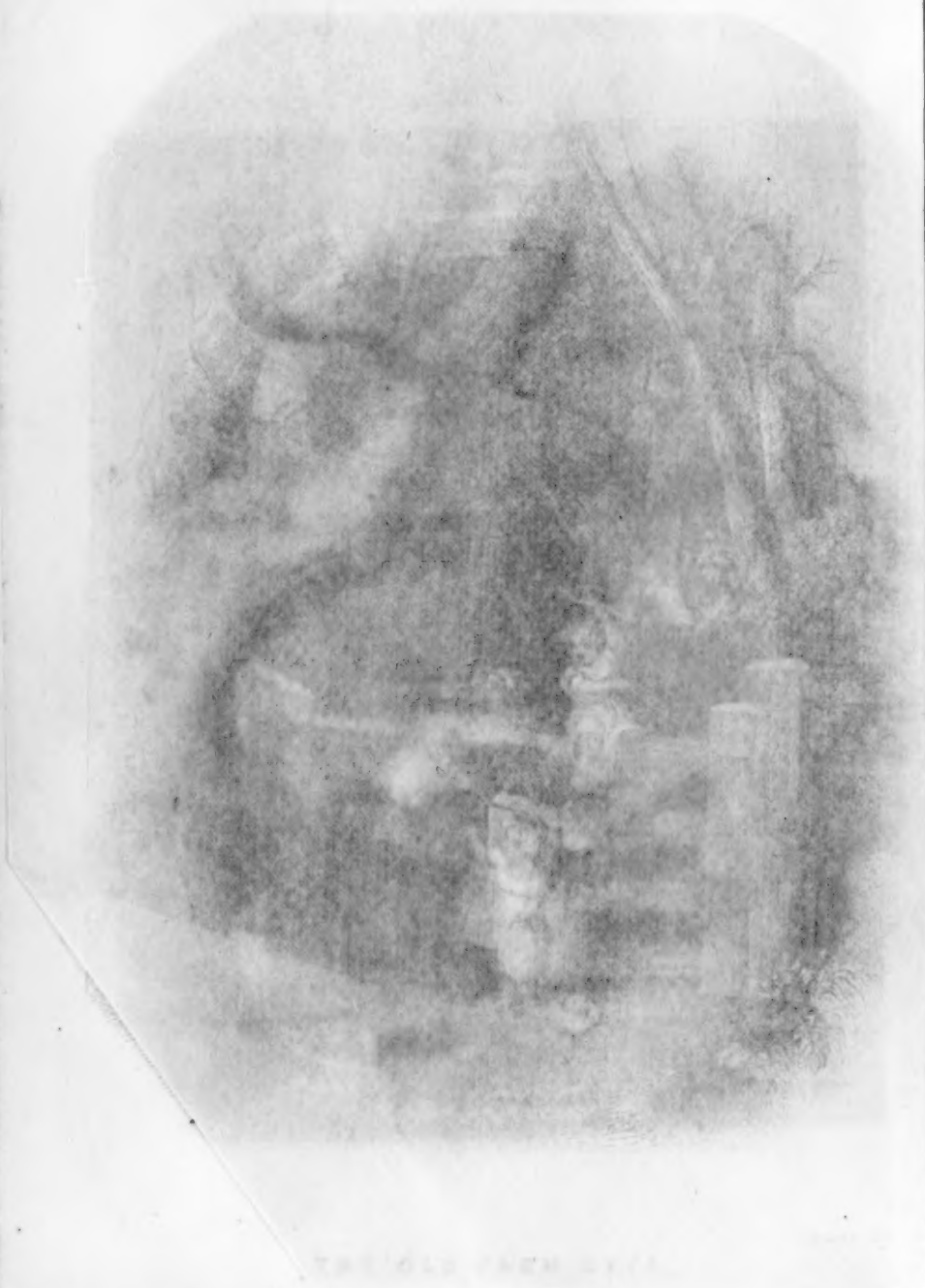


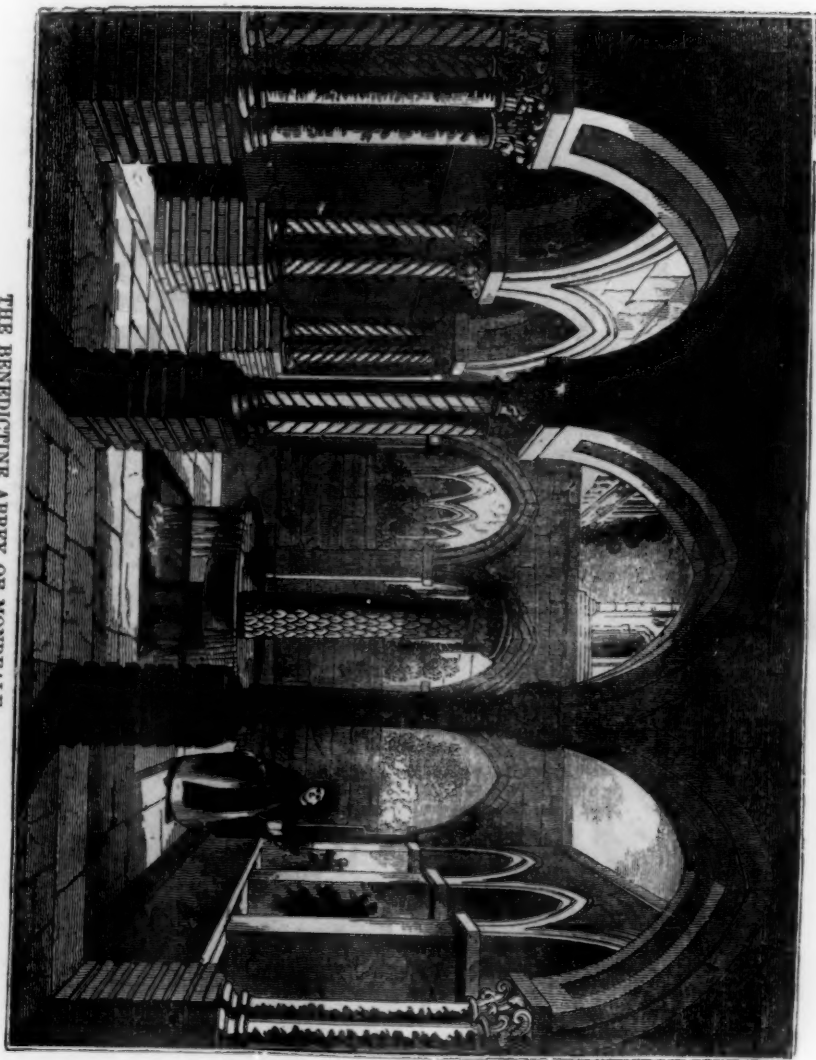


THE OLD FARM GATE.

VIEW OF AN ALLEY BETWEEN THE WALLS







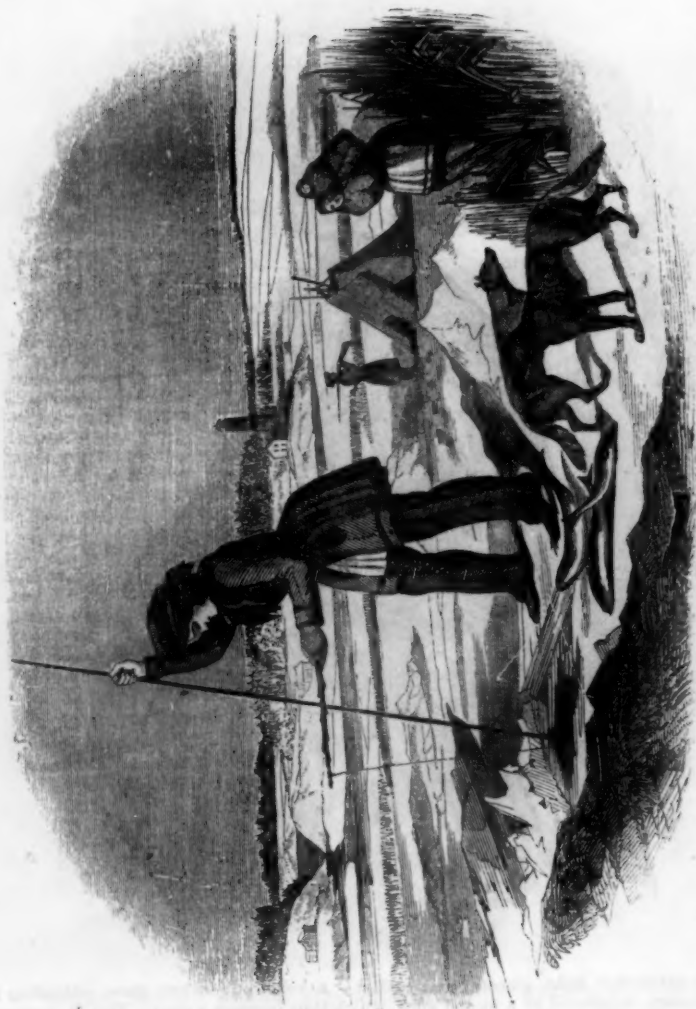
THE BENEDICTINE ABBEY OF NONNEALE.

[See page 167.]



INDIANS FISHING ON THE RIVER THAMES.

[See page 169.]



INDIANS FISHING IN THE ICE.

[See page 169.]

Fashions for September.



No. 1.

This garment is light, graceful and modest. A yoke, cut in one piece, extending to the shoulder-seam, is covered by a second yoke, which thus becomes a cape. This is continued in front, where it sweeps slightly downwards. Like the skirt of the mantilla, it is scalloped. Upon the back, the skirt is box-plaited, being seamed to the under robe, which is a trifle less deep than the cape. It is ornamented with embroidery, and made chiefly of purple, maroon, and brown taffeta.

Fashions for September.



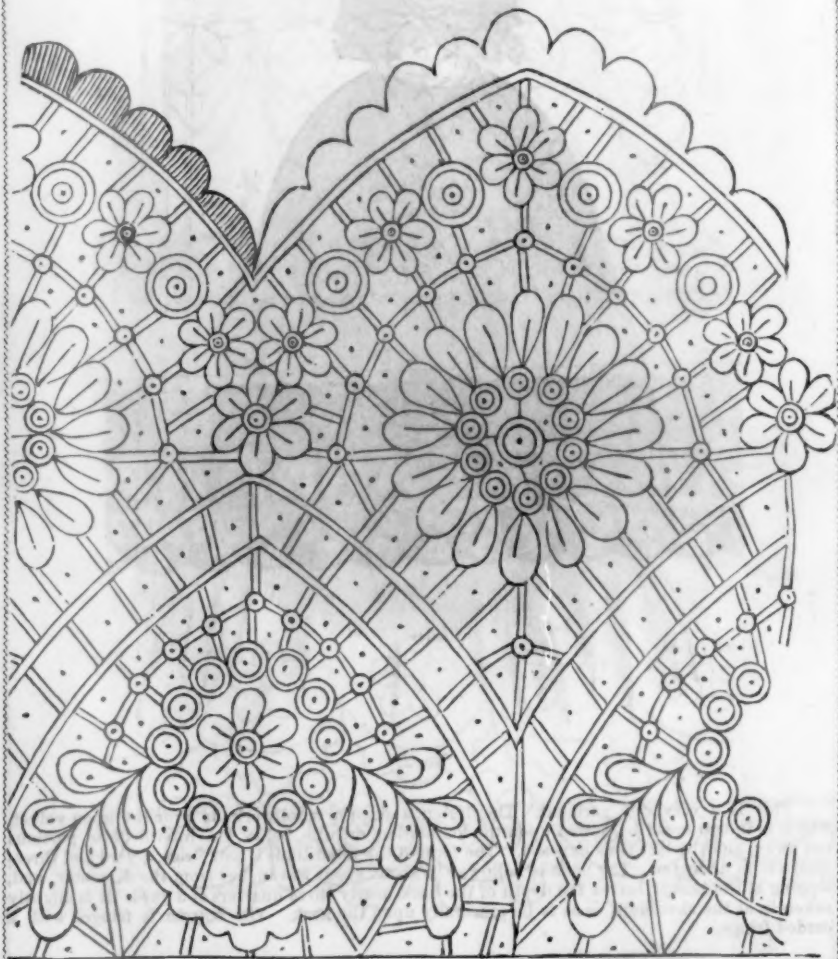
No. 2.

This is a very rich garment. The design, a graceful scrollwork, is wrought upon velvet, which is in two breadths, sewed upon the foundation, or tulle, below, the intermediate portions cut away, and the lace thus exposed. The form of the mantilla is a half circle, a yard and three-quarters in diameter. The neck is hollowed in about five inches from the diameter, and, sloping at the bosom, leaves the depth of the back nearly three quarters of a yard. It is slightly taken in at the shoulders, so as to lie gracefully upon the neck. The bottom is fringed with a corded fringe.

Patterns for Needlework.

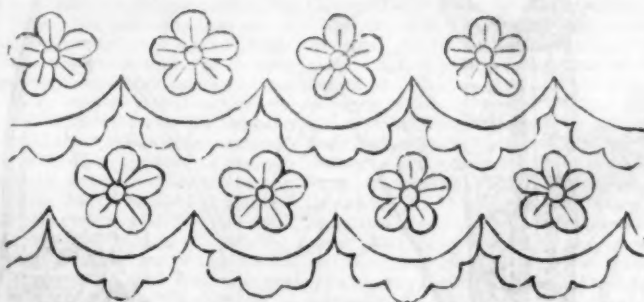
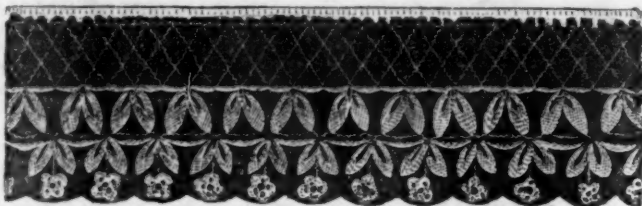
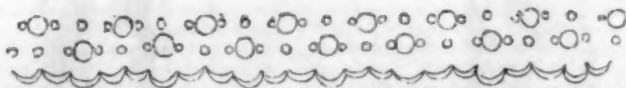
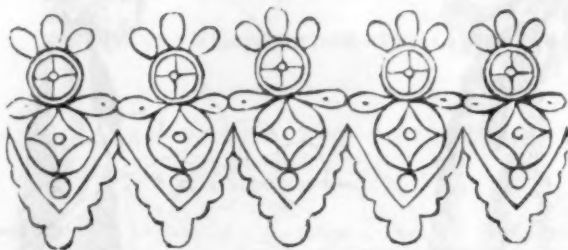


HONITON EDGE.



FLOUNCING FOR UNDERSLEEVES.

Patterns for Needlework.



EMBROIDERY FOR CHILDREN'S SKIRTS, DRESSES, &c.

Caps, Chemisette, and Undersleebe.

